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HOME SONGS

FOR
LITTLE
PEOPLE

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I. Children's rhymes.

George H. Brains

NAS

Home

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Home Songs,



HOME SONGS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
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ASTOR, LENOX AND

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

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HOME SONGS.

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HOME SONGS.

ULLABY.

ULLABY, sweet lullaby,
Baby do not cry ;
Sleep, thy Saviour watches by thee ;
Sleep, all evil powers fly thee ;
Sleep, sweet baby, sleep.

Lullaby, sweet lullaby,
In mother's bosom lie;
Shut thy waxen lid so tender,
Bend thy form so lithe and slender;
Sleep, sweet baby, sleep.

Lullaby, sweet lullaby,
Our Father is on high;
And for us his children careth,
All our grief and sadness beareth.
Sleep, sweet baby, sleep.

KATIE'S TROUBLE.

"YOUR bath is quite ready, my little Miss
Kate ;
Come, darling," said nursey, "I really can't
wait."
But Katie was putting her dolly to bed,
And ran away shaking her wise little head.
So nurse had a race, but she very soon caught
her,
Undressed her, and popped her right into the
water;
While dolly was set on a chair by her side,
All ready for bed when her mistress was
dried.

One terrible trouble this little Kate had :
All through the long day there was nothing so
bad

As having her little face covered with wet :
And many a wash did that little face get.

She held down her head, and she squeezed up
her eyes,

And pressed her mouth close, that there might
be no cries ;

Then gasped as the handfuls came one, two,
and three,

And blinked her wet eyelids before she could
see.

At last, when the troublesome washing was
done,

Little Kate in her bath would have capital fun,
Would let the soap drop for a dear little fish,
And round her fat knees she would swim the
soap-dish.

She would splash the warm water up over her
shoulder,

And peep up to see whether nursey would
scold her.

At length nursey lifts her pet out of the tub,
And ends all the fun with a very warm rub.

BABY SONG.

WINK, wink, and peep, peep!

Yes, little baby, sleep!

Mamma has tumbled you all in a heap,

Filled you full,

And rolled you in wool,

Sleep, little baby, sleep!

Wink, wink, and peep, peep!

Yes, little baby, sleep!

All of the play till to-morrow will keep :

Now comes rest,

Mamma knows best ;

Sleep, little baby, sleep !

Wink, wink, and peep, peep!

Sleep, little baby, sleep !

Much from the sleeping the baby shall reap ;

I'll do the fussing,

The kicking and tossing,

And let little baby sleep.

Wink, wink, and peep, peep !

The baby is going to sleep !

Dreamlets over his features creep :
nr

Happy and rosy,

So warm and so cosy,

The baby has gone to sleep !

c. m. w.



MY BABY.

Now, my dear, would you hear
All about my baby,
You would love the little dove,
Darling little baby !

Baby walks, and baby talks ;
Funny little baby !
Many a word you never heard,
Says my little baby.

Every day, after play,
 Sleeps my little baby :
 Red and rosy, warm and cosy,
 Precious little baby !

Eyes so blue—she has two,
 Laughing little baby ;
 Skin so fair, curly hair,
 Has my little baby.

You want one ; take her home,
 Take my little baby ?
 I guess not, little Tot,
 Precious, darling baby !

c. m. w.

ULLABY.

WHAT does little birdie say,
 In her nest at peep of day ?
 “ Let me fly,” says little birdie ;
 “ Mother, let me fly away.”
 Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till thy little wings are stronger.
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
 In her bed at peep of day ?

Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till thy little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

LITTLE TOT.

DID you ever see our baby,
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light?
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be;
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so? Never saw her;
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering
Hear her little tongue a chattering,
Little dancing feet come pattering:
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you could.

But our grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing,
As my rose;
. Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

BABY'S TOES.

THIS one is a blossom, all rosy and white;
And this is a daisy, that peeps up so bright;
And this is a pansy, my baby's delight;
This one is a snowdrop, so fair to the sight;
A wee, tiny rosebud, mamma must call this;
And the foot is a posy for papa to kiss.

SLEEP, BABY ! SLEEP !

SLEEP, baby ! sleep !

Thy father watches his sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby ! sleep !

Sleep, baby ! sleep !

The large stars are the sheep ;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby ! sleep !

Sleep, baby ! sleep !

Thy Saviour loves his sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby ! sleep !

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

LITTLE ROBBIE'S LAST REQUEST.

LITTLE children, come to Jesus,

He it is alone can save ;

He alone it is that frees us

From the terrors of the grave.

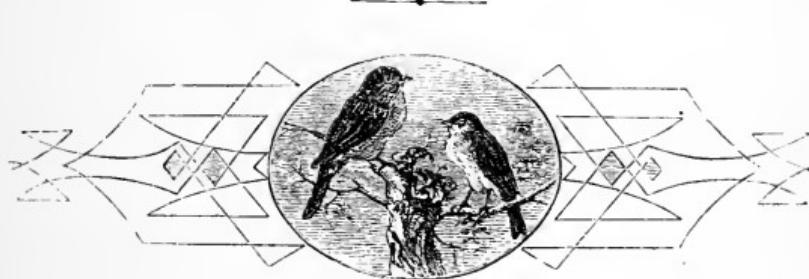
Little children, ask of Jesus
Strength to conquer every sin;
He has promised to release us,
If we go in prayer to him.

Little children, walk with Jesus,
Ere your early days be past;
For the path in which he leads us
Brings us safe to heaven at last.

THE BABY.

COME here, my dear boy, look at baby's two hands,
And the two little feet upon which he now stands.
Two thumbs and eight fingers together make ten;
Five toes on each foot—the same number again.
Two arms and two shoulders, two elbows, two wrists;
Now bend up your knuckles, make two little fists.
Two legs and two ankles, two knees and two hips:
His fingers and toes all have nails on their tips.

With his hands and his feet he can run, walk,
or crawl;
He can dance, jump, and caper, or play with
his ball:
Take his hoop or his cart and have a good
race,
And that will soon give him a fine rosy face.
Oh, what would my boy do without his two
hands,
Or the two little feet upon which he now
stands?
They're the kind gifts of God for us to enjoy:
Then be thankful to him, my dear little boy.



ALL the small birdies
Are snugly asleep;
No more must baby
Wide awake keep.

Peep! peep!

Go to sleep.

LITTLE ROSIE.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're dozy;
Sit upon grandmamma's knee.

Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cozy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well" to begin:
How young Johnnie Stout
Pulled pussy-cat out
When Johnnie Green let her fall in;

Of timid Miss Muffit
Who fled from the tuffit;
Of Bobby, who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cozy,
And hush-a-by-baby with me.

THE LITTLE SAILOR.



BABY is a sailor
boy,
Swing, cradle,
swing;
Sailing is the sailor's joy,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,
 Swing, cradle, swing;
Baby's captain, mother's mate,
 Swing, cradle, swing.

Never fear, the watch is set ;
 Swing, cradle, swing;
Stormy gales are never met,
 Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,
 Swing, cradle, swing ;
Anchor in the cove of sleep,
 . Swing, cradle, swing.

THE FLY.

BABY Bye,
 Here's a fly ;
Let us watch him, you and I.
 How he crawls
 Up the walls—
 Yet he never falls !
I believe, with six such legs,
 You and I could walk on eggs !
There he goes
 On his toes,
 Tickling baby's nose !

Spots of red
Dot his head,
Rainbows on his back are spread!
That small speck
Is his neck:
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes:
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown:
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist:
I admire his taste.
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun.
What if he gets into one?

When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes.

Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat:
There's his mouth between his feet!

On his back
Is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.

Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb;
May-be he will come.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so.
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.

Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk.

Fie! oh, fie!
Foolish fly.
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home:
But the gnat
Wears a hat:
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye,
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell:
Spiders never treat flies well!

Then away!
Do not stay:
Little fly, good day !

THE DARLING.

Who 's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who 's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who 's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose arts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.

Who 's the darling little girl
Jesus Christ will surely love?
She it is who, meek and good,
Daily grows like Him above.

Happy, darling little girl!
Is it I? is it I?
Blessed Jesus, make me such,
While I live and when I die!

MORNING SUNBEAM.

A NESTLING in the little crib,
A soft hand laid upon my head,
A gentle whisper in my ear :
“ Mamma, I’m tumin into bed.”

“ Oh, no,” I said, “ ‘t will never do ;
Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks,
Then you may come, when comes the light.”

Again a nestling in the crib,
As down to rest my birdie lay ;
I listened, for I thought she spoke.
“ Huddy up, light !” I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky ;
Then sang my birdie sweet and clear,
“ Now light has tum, and so has I !”

A. G.

I HAVE two hands, so soft and white ;
This is the left, and this the right ;
Five little fingers stand on each,
So I can hold a plum or peach ;
But when I grow as old as you,
Lots of things these hands will do.



LITTLE BELLE.

Who comes knocking at my door?

“Let me in,” says Belle.

Ah, I’ve heard that knock before.

“Let me in,” says Belle.

“I will be so good and still;

Dear papa, you know I will .

Just a little corner fill.

“Let me in,” says Belle.

So I spoke the welcome word,

“Come in, little Belle.”

Then two little feet I heard :
“Here I come,” says Belle.
In there peeped a golden head,
Chubby face, with cheeks so red.
“Welcome, little one,” I said.
“Here I come,” says Belle.

I was tired and full of gloom
When you came, my Belle ;
Dark and lonely seemed the room
Till you came, my Belle ;
But your presence changed it quite,
In you brought a flood of light,
Made my study warm and bright,
Sunny little Belle !

—♦—

WHAT shall we name the darling
Who came to us one day ?
Shall we call her our little Mary,
Estella, or Ida, or May ?
Mabel, or Saxon Edith,
Or Margaret, fairest pearl ?
Will Isabella, so stately,
Be fitting our little girl ?
Shall we call her gentle Alice,
Or Madge, for her dark brown hair ?

Is she like a June rose op'ning,
Or a lily pure and fair?
Shall we name her Helen or Laura,
Sweet Hope, or darling Grace?
Will Belle, Louise, or Anna
Match best with the baby's face?
Lottie, or Hattie, or Jennie,
Minnie or romping Kate?
Josephine proud and stately,
Or Bertha, grave and sedate?
No name that just fits you, dearie?
Then what shall the little one do?
Must she wander forlorn and nameless
The years of her life all through?
We will call you all sweet names, darling,
That are found in household lore.
Should they be too small in number,
We will study to make them more.
We will call you our brown snow-birdie,
Fairy and Daisy and Elf,
Darling and Dottie and Dimple,
Names fitting your own sweet self.
Some happy morning or even
Shall bring you a name to bear;
Some name with a musical cadence
Shall our little baby wear.

God lives on high,
Beyond the sky ;
Yet he can see
Both you and me ;
Can see at night
As in the light ;
And all we do,
Remember too.

He gives me food,
And all that's good
My little bed
To rest my head,
My clothes so neat,
My mother sweet,
And father too,
So good and true.

Then I will try
From sin to fly ;
At home will mind
My parents kind ;
At school obey
What teachers say,
And dearly love
This Friend above.

KINDNESS.

No! do not hurt a little boy,
Because he 's less than you;
If stronger, then your strength employ
Some loving act to do.

Be his protector and his friend,
To help him in distress;
Teach him what 's faulty to amend :
Such efforts God will bless.

A LITTLE CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

PAPA and mamma are gone out to-day,
I should like to have gone, but they said I
must stay ;
So I will not be naughty, or fretful, or pout,
For when I am older then I shall go out.
But now I 'm a child, scarcely yet five years
old,
So I must be good, and do as I 'm told ;
I think 't will be naughty indeed if I cry,
For what little child is so happy as I ?
I 've a nice pleasant home, a dear, kind papa,
Two sweet little brothers, and a loving mam-
ma ;

It will please my kind parents if nursey can
say,
I have been a good child, and not cried all
the day.



FIRST RIDE.

UNDER the leaves of the old forest trees,
Pleasantly dancing about in the breeze,
Dear little sister, our beauty and pride,
Now for the first time is taking a ride.

Pony, trot steadily; please to take care;
Little you know what a treasure you bear:

Heart full of laughter, gay as a bride,
Sister is taking her first little ride.

Bright with the sunshine, happy with song,
Merrily sister is riding along.

Hold her on carefully, walking beside,
Help little sister enjoy her first ride.

Tresses all golden, and sparkling blue eyes,
Dear little sister's both merry and wise.

Help her on kindly, with sunshine and song—
Oh, how we love to help sister along!

MERRY RAINDROPS.

OH, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain?

Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window-pane.

They wont let me walk,
And they wont let me play,
And they wont let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty ;
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window ;
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak,
But "pitter patter pat"
Means, "We can play on *this* side,
Why can't you play on *THAT*?"

THE NURSERY.

FROLIC and fun
For every one ;
Oh, how happy we all must be !
Dancing about,
With laughter and shout,
Children in the nursery.

Who will not play
Must hasten away,
For here all are joyous, and frank and free ;

With many a song,
Tripping along,
Little ones in the nursery.

Nor frown nor tear
Must spoil our cheer,
But gay and good-tempered all should be ;
Sister and brother
Help each other
Merrily play in the nursery.

Frolic and fun
For every one,
Sweet, merry children, full of their glee,
Dancing about,
With laughter and shout,
Little ones in the nursery.

“DOLLY MAY.”

I’VE a darling little Dolly,
And her eyes are black as sloes ;
She lounges on the sofa night and day,
And never cares a bawbee
For the mending of her clothes,
Nor quarrels with the children at their play.
Oh, my bonny Dolly May !
How I love you all the day,

How I prattle too and kiss you—none the less
That I can but feel the lack,
When you never kiss me back,
Nor caressingly return my caress.

Though my Dolly is a beauty,
She is neither proud nor vain;
Will never, like Miss Shallow, put on airs,
But a quiet little lady
She will evermore remain,
Undisturbed by our troubles and our cares.
Oh, my darling Dolly May
Is the sharer of my play,
And her eyes seem to watch me, as they roll
Like a living baby's eyes,
With a questioning surprise,
Till it seems as if Dolly had a soul.

She is older than her mother—
Funny, is n't it, and queer?
But she never disobeys me, though 't is so,
Nor pouts when I reprove her,
Nor squeezes out a tear
With her knuckles, like some little girls you
know.
Oh, my pretty Dolly May,
I shall sorrow for the day

When the fancies of my childhood all are o'er,
 And the crabbed Mrs. Grundy says,
 "Oh, fie! you must n't play—
 Such a lady—with your Dolly any more!"



HEN AND CHICKENS.

"CLUCK! cluck! cluck!"

"Good-morning, pretty
hen!"

How many chickens have you got?"

"Madam, I've got ten :
 Three of them are yellow,
 And three of them are brown,
 And four of them are black and white,
 The nicest in the town."



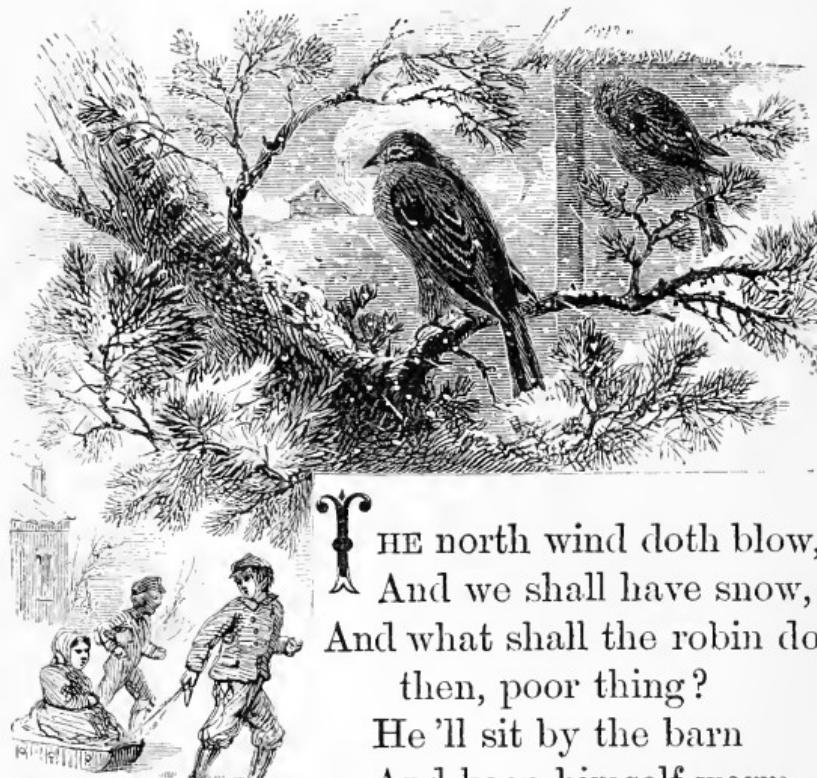
DOLLY.

DOLLY, can you read?
Now pray tell me why
You cannot; I'm sure
You are older than I.

Here's a beautiful book,
You have bright, pretty eyes;
Come, now, let us see
If you really are wise.

You have eyes, but no mind ;
I have eyes and mind too :
A hint let me take
To do better than you.

— • —
THE NORTH WIND.



THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what shall the robin do
then, poor thing ?
He 'll sit by the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor
thing.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow ;
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing ?
Oh, do you not know,
He is gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours, poor
thing ?

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow ;
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing ?
In his hive he will stay
Till the cold pass away,
And then he 'll come out in the spring, poor
thing !

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow ;
What will the children do then, poor things ?
When lessons are done,
They 'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm,
poor things !

THE seconds fly—a minute 's gone ;
The minutes fly—an hour is run ;
The day is fled—the night is here :
Thus flies a week—a month—a year !



PUSS.

“COME, my pretty pussy,
And sit upon my knee,
I'll give you buns so sweet,
And a cup of tea!”
“Thank you, ma'am,” said pussy,
In her dress of silk;
“I do n't care for buns and tea,
I'd rather have some milk.”



DAME DIMPLE.

LITTLE Dame Dimple, so merry and wise,
Shaking your tangled locks over your eyes,
What are you plotting this sunshiny day,
Under the apple-trees over the way?

All the birds know you, you queer little elf ;
Sometimes I think you 're a birdie yourself,
Chasing the honey-bees home as they pass,
Watching the crickets that chirp in the grass.

Where is your sun-bonnet, dainty and neat ?
Where are the shoes for your little bare feet ?
Little brown fingers, that hid them so well,
What will you do if your secret I tell ?

One chubby hand holds the frock at your
knee,

Filled full of treasures most wondrous to see :
Beetles that crawled in the dust at your feet,
Grasshoppers, pebbles, and clover-heads sweet.

See ! there 's a butterfly gleaming like gold,
Down goes the frock with its treasures untold.
Dear little Dimple ! we older folks, too,
Drop our old treasures to reach for the new.

A BIRD SONG.

A LITTLE bonnie bird I know,
With breast more soft than eider down,
A dress she wears of dappled brown,
And sings with sweeter tone, I trow.

Ah, sweeter far this birdie sings
Than all the birds that summer brings;
And yet her song is only this :
“I love you, papa!”—then a kiss.

Not tenderest song of nightingale,
Nor sparkling trills and gurgling gush
Of joy from velvet-throated thrush,
Nor brilliant pipe of mottled quail,
Nor tuneful plaint of whippoorwill,
The measure of her song can fill ;
And yet her song is only this :
“I love you, papa!”—then a kiss.

LITTLE DUMPITY MAY.

OVER the grasses and daisies,
Comes little Dumpity May,
Wishing, I know, for a frolic—
Coming with sister to play.
Driving the bee from the clover,
Chasing the butterfly gay,
Sweeter than June’s blushing roses,
Dear little Dumpity May !
A loving little earth-angel,
Filling each heart with delight,
Shedding around us a halo,
Making each moment so bright.

The light of our dreams when we're sleeping,
Our joy through the hours of the day ;
She's naught but is charming and lovely,
Our darling Dumpity May.



MY LITTLE BROTHER.

I HAVE a little brother here,
A very little one ;
I nurse him every day, because
He cannot go alone.

I think he has the sweetest voice
That I have ever heard,
So I try to understand him,
Though he cannot speak a word.

Oh, you should only look at him,
My playthings when I bring ;
His little eyes say, " Give them me !"
As plain as anything.
And when I call out, " Willie dear,
I want a pretty kiss,"
He smiles and stretches out his arms,
And so he answers, " Yes."

He cannot go alone just yet ;
But when he runs about,
It will be such a pleasant thing
For me to take him out ;
In the garden or the orchard
We can pass the summer hours,
And soon he 'll learn to know the names
Of all the fruits and flowers.

I 'll teach nim all the lessons
That my mother taught me once :
I know my little Willie
Will never be a dunce ;

And if he should be rather slow
In learning A B C,
I must have patience with him,
As mother had with me.

I'll say a morning prayer with him,
When first he sees the light,
And sing the evening hymn to him
Before he sleeps at night.

I'll talk to him of God above,
Who gives us all we have,
And tell him too of Jesus Christ,
Who died our souls to save.

LITTLE WILLIE.

“Dear mamma,” low whispered Willie,
Rising from his trundle-bed,
Softly creeping after mother,
With a timid, noiseless tread,
‘Do not leave your little Willie,
‘T is so very dark,’ he said.

“Dark! and what of that, my darling?
God is near you just the same.
When you feel afraid, dear Willie,
Call upon the Saviour’s name;
He will light your little chamber
With a soothing, heavenly flame.

“Jesus will protect you, darling,
So you need not be afraid ;
He is ever near my Willie,
Both in sunlight and in shade ;
Trust him, dearest ; sweetly slumber
Till the stars at daybreak fade.”

Then upon his downy pillow
Willie laid his curly head,
All his fears of darkness vanished ;
“I will trust the Lord,” he said.
“Surely I can fear no danger
While he watches o'er my bed.”

—
ONLY beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go :
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee ;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be ;

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard ;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.

Tottering now, and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry,
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they tread the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat.

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathway blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, oh give them rest.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRIES.

Freddie saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree,
And he said, " You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me ? "

" Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
" We would rather stay up here ;
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig,

“ You are beautiful,” said Freddie,
“ Red and ripe, and oh, how big!”

“ Catch me,” said the cherry, “ catch me,
Little master, if you can.”

“ I would catch you soon,” said Freddie,
“ If I were a grown-up man.”

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed and tickled Freddie’s nose.

“ Never mind,” said little Freddie,
“ I shall have them when it’s right;”
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
“ I shall eat them all ere night.”

SING ME TO SLEEP.

SING me to sleep, dear mother,
The day is almost past;
The little birds have gone to rest,
And the shadows deepen fast.

First let me pray, sweet mother;
I’ll kneel beside your knee,
And ask the blessed Saviour
To watch o’er you and me.

Oh, sing to me of heaven !
That's best of anything !
Do angels sing as sweet as you ?
Did JESUS ever sing ?

Oh, yes ; with his disciples
He sang a hymn, you say,
Ere to the Mount of Olives
He went alone to pray.

He loves to have his children
Sing hymns and notes of joy ;
So sing to me of heaven—
Sing to your little boy.

And when God calls me, mother,
To rest in heaven, my home,
Sing me to sleep then, mother—
Sing till the angels come.

{ Then, as they bear me upward,
I still shall hear you sing,
Until your voice is almost lost
'Mid sounds through heaven that ring.

And I shall join them, mother ;
But when I stop to hear,
There 'll come one soft note from afar ;
'T will be yours, mother dear.

* At last, again I'll listen :
And 'mid those songs of Home
I'll hear one sweeter than the rest,
And then I'll know you've come !

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago ?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over the glasses peers,
To read the record, "Only eight!"

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden
curl;

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile
Or the love that came with the helpless
one;

Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing.

O mother, laugh your merry note;
Be glad and gay, but do n't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

OH, those little, those little blue shoes—
Those shoes that no little feet use!
 Oh, the price were high
 That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
 That, by God's good will,
 Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That little treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A sweet little face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part,
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,

A kiss when I go to bed,

A kiss when I burn my fingers,

A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,

A kiss when my bath begins :

My mamma is full of kisses—

As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,

A kiss when I pull her hair ;

She covered me over with kisses

The day that I fell down stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,

A kiss when I give her joy ;

There's nothing like mamma's kisses

To her own little baby-boy.

THOUGH I am small and young,

My busy little tongue

Much work can do ;

Then I must, every day,

Be sure that all I say

Is pure and true.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow,
Tulips and daffodils sleeping,
Myrtles with broad leaves are creeping,
And blue-eyed forget-me-nots peeping
Under the snow.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow :
The crocus and dear little daisies ;
The arbutus, twining in mazes,
Its sweet-scented flow'rets upraises
Under the snow.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow ;
But they will awake in the morning,
When spring with warm sunshine is dawning,
They will peep out from under the awning—
Under the snow.

Our dear little Alice lies hidden
Under the snow ;
The angels their kind watch are keeping
O'er our beautiful treasure safe sleeping :
No pain and no sorrow or weeping
Under the snow.

Yes, beautiful Alice lies sleeping
Under the snow;
But she will awake in the morning,
At the bright resurrection-day dawning,
No more to lie down midst our mourning,
Under the snow.

HAPPY NELLY.

LITTLE Nelly, happy Nelly,
Thou art now among the blest ;
On the gentle Shepherd's bosom
You, his little lamb, shall rest.
His before the hosts of heaven
And the sons of earth confessed.

Lord, who aided little Nelly
Thus to live and honor thee,
May we follow here her footsteps ;
And from every sin set free,
Rise to glory, bright, bright glory,
There for evermore to be.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Now I study, work, and play,
Keep me, Lord, from wrong to-day;
Let me be thy loving child,
Faithful, truthful, kind and mild.

THE baby wept:

The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain
alarms;

And baby slept.

Again it weeps:

And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms;

And baby sleeps.

GOD'S BLESSINGS.

God bless my two little feet!

Go may they never astray,
But swiftly and joyfully tread
In the strait and narrow way.

God bless my two little hands!

Ne'er may they strike or destroy,
But quick be and willing alway
For kind and loving employ.

God bless my two little eyes!

May they be open to see
All the dear Father in heaven
Has done for poor little me.

God bless my two little ears!

Ready may they be to hear
The voice of my Saviour, who wipes
Away the penitent tear.

God bless my two little lips!

Let pity, kindness, and love
Dwell on them the rest of my days,
And fit me for heaven above.

“WATCH, MOTHER.”

MOTHER! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.

Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me the weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling, eloquent, and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the joyous, happy child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 't is broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripen for eternity.

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Twenty-four hours make a day,
Long enough for sleep or play.

IN every month the weeks are four,
And twelve whole months will make a year;
And when you are four, or a little more,
You must work as well as play, my dear.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

OVER field and meadow,
Where the daisies grow,
Up and down I wander,
Singing as I go.

They who see me roving,
 Think me all alone,
But the birds are with me ;
 Hark ! their joyful tone.
How can I be lonely
 On the sunny banks,
While the murmuring waters
 Raise a song of thanks?

CHILD'S HYMN.

At night my mother comes up stairs,
She comes to hear me say my prayers ;
And while I'm sitting on her knee,
She always kisses little me.

Before she takes away the light,
She tucks the blanket smooth and tight,
And all around my sleepy head
She draws the curtains of my bed.

I heard her walk across the floor,
And softly shut the nursery-door ;
And then I cried with all my might,
“Good-night, my mamma dear, good-night !”

That dear mamma, so sweet and mild,
I heard her say, “God bless my child !”
And always when she goes away,
These are the words I hear her say.

Oh, what a happy child am I,
While in my little bed I lie,
Blest by a mother's tender love,
And by a holy God above.

—
SUPPOSE.

How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there was n't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!

And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,
And what the song that cheers,
Suppose we had n't any eyes,
And suppose we had n't ears?

For though the grass were gay and green,
And song-birds filled the glen,
And the air were purple with butterflies,
What good would they do us then?

Ah, think of it, my little friends ;
And when some pleasure flies,
Why let it go, and still be glad
That you have your ears and eyes.



WISHING.

RING, ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blooming in the
spring!

The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay, stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,
A great, lofty elm-tree, with green leaves gay.

The wind would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly chirp and sing.

Oh, no ! I wish I were a Robin ;
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes, with icy thumbs,
To ruffle up my wings.

Well, tell. Where should I fly to ?
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?
Before a day was over,
Home must come the rover
For mother's kiss : sweeter this
Than any other thing.

THE BARBER AND TOM.

A MORE untidy boy than Tom
Was surely never seen ;
His hair was seldom combed, his hands
And face were seldom clean.
His schoolmates oftentimes would try,
But all in vain, to shame
Tom into tidiness, for still
He came each day the same.
His mother used to seize on him,
And scrub him 'gainst his will,
To which Tom always would object
With cries both loud and shrill.

Now next door to Tom's mother lived
A barber; he could hear
The great disturbance caused by Tom
When scrubbing-time drew near.

This barber to Tom's mother said,
“I'd like much, for one day,
To take Tom's scrubbing off your hands.”
“Thanks, sir,” she said, “you may.”

He rubbed and scrubbed, Tom kicked and
screamed;
The barber did not stop,
Until he also trimmed his hair,
Once shaggy as a mop.

That morning, when Tom went to school,
His playmates all did say,
“Here's a *new* scholar, neat and clean!
Your're welcome, sir, to-day!”

“I'm not a new boy,” answered Tom.
They all cried, “Well, that's strange!
We did not know you, you have passed
Through such a wondrous change!”

Then shoulder-high around the school
Their altered mate they bore,
And raised such shouts as ne'er were heard
In that playground before!

Tom was so proud of getting praise
For being neat and clean,
That since that day a tidier boy
Was surely never seen.

UP EARLY.

LITTLE birds are wide awake
Early in the morning;
Just think how funny it would be
To see the robins yawning!

To hear the little sparrow say,
“O dear! ’t is hardly light.
Mamma, I want to sleep some more!”
’T would make you laugh outright.

They hop out of their little nests,
So cosy and so warm,
And sing their merry morning tune
In sunshine and in storm.

And now, my pet, run find mamma,
And whisper in her ear,
That, when she wakes her birdie up,
It will be sure to hear.



MY PONY.

WE have a little pony, and we call him Dapple Gray,

And in our little carriage we drive out every day ;

How our happy hearts are bounding,
With his clinking hoofs resounding,

And his clatter, clatter, clatter, all the way.

They give our horsie water and they give our
horsie hay,

And they give our horsie oats for his break-
fast every day ;

When clinking hoofs are ringing,
And our happy voices singing,
Then we clatter, clatter, clatter, all the way.

The nicest rides we have are in the month of
May,

When we drive out in the country, and always
some new way;

Oh, the turnings and the windings,

Oh, the seekings and the findings,

As we clatter, clatter, clatter, all the way.

In the beautiful bright country there I would
like to stay,

And play so nicely on the grass on each sun-
shiny day;

And picking violets blue,

Buttercups, and daisies too,

I'd forget the clatter, clatter, clatter, all the
way.

ROBIN'S LULLABY.

HUSH, my little nestlings dear,
Hush, and you a song shall hear;
The sun is sinking in the west,
So 'tis time to go to rest.

Peep, peep! go to sleep!

Go to rest, for naught is near,
Owl or hawk to waken fear ;
The noisy jay is in his nest;
So, my birdies, go to rest.

Peep, peep ! go to sleep !

Go to rest, nor fear the storm,
There is One will keep from harm ;
And though the tempest rock thy bed,
Still will He watch thy little head.

Peep, peep ! go to sleep !

Go to rest, nor think of fear,
Father, mother--both are here ;
Dream of joys that come with light,
Cherries red and berries bright.

Peep, peep ! go to sleep !

THE LITTLE KITTY.

ONCE there was a little kitty,
White as the snow ;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro ;
For she heard the little kitty,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow,
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough,
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row,
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out, Oh!
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

COURAGE.

LET the sad day
Carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow,
Or you may miss
Half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.



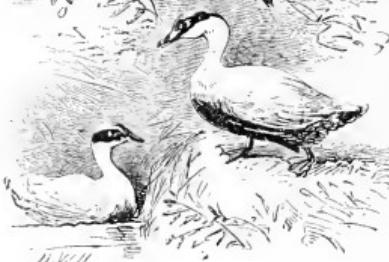
SPRING VOICES.

“Caw, caw!” says
the crow,

“Spring has come
again, I know;

For, as sure as I
am born,

There’s a farmer planting corn.
I shall breakfast there I trow.



“Quack, quack!” says the duck,
“Was there ever such good luck?
Spring has cleared this pond of ice
By her magic, in a trice,
Just as Goodman Drake and I
Its smooth surface wished to try.”



THE ROBIN RED-BREASTS.

Two robin redbreasts built
their nests
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The male sang merrily,
And all the little robins said,
“Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee,”

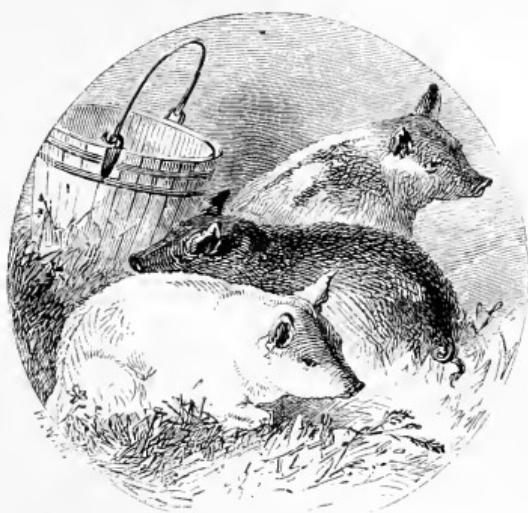
One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky;
Cock-robin said, “My little dears,
‘T is time you learnt to fly;”
And all the little robins said,
“I’ll try, I’ll try, I’ll try.”

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by-and-by ;
 When mother says, " Do this," or, " that,"
 She says, " What for?" and, " Why?"
 She 'd be a better child by far,
 If she would say, " I'll try."



THE DONKEY AND MARKET-GIRL.

DONKEY, donkey, do not bray,
 But mend your pace and haste away ;
 Indeed, the market's almost done,
 My butter's melting in the sun,
 And all the people will have been,
 Before my new-laid eggs get in :
 Ah, donkey, donkey, stretch your legs,
 For the sake of my butter and new-laid eggs.



THE PIGS.

"Do look at those pigs as they lie in the straw!"

Little Richard once said to papa;
"They keep eating longer than ever I saw;
What wonderful eaters they are!"

"I see they are feasting," his father replied;
"They eat a great deal, I allow:
But let us remember, before we deride,
'Tis the nature, my dear, of the sow."

"But when 'a great boy such as you, my dear Dick,
Does nothing but eat all the day,

And keeps tasting good things till he makes
himself sick,

'What a piggie indeed!' we may say!"

STORY OF A LITTLE MOUSE.

I'LL tell you a tale of a little gray mouse,
That lived in the pantry of grandma's old
house;

He nibbled the pastry, the cake, and the
cheese,

Then gambolled about at his pleasure and
ease.

The moment he heard grandma open the
door,

He'd scamper away to his hole in the floor;
While grandma, amazed at the loss of her
cake,

Would think it was Billy, or else little Jake.

At last she espied mouse's crumbs lying
round.

And said, "Ah, the rogue! he must surely be
found."

And so she went hunting all over the house.
But naught could she find of the little gray
mouse.

For mousey was cunning, it must be confessed,
And kept very still in his snug little nest
Until all the hunting and searching was o'er,
Then into the pantry he went as before.

He climbed on the table, then ran up the shelf—

To cake rich and creamy went helping himself;

Then into the cheese-box he poked his gray nose,

And even the butter showed marks of his toes.

One day little mousey came out as before,
And scattered the cake crumbs all over the floor,

Until of its richness he'd eaten his fill,
Then up he went, climbing a shelf higher still.

A jar partly filled with some rich golden cream,
Was partly concealed by a large wooden beam.

"Now for a feast," said the mouse, with a sigh,
"If I can but reach it—at least, I can try!"

And so he leaped up to the edge of the jar,
And took a peep down, but the cream was too far.

With all his exertion, it just touched his chin,
And he then lost his balance, and tumbled
right in.

The cream filled his nose, it filled up his eyes,
It filled up his mouth, and it stifled his cries.
He struggled and struggled, but all was in
vain;

The cream drew him under again and again.

At last all was silent ; not even his head
Was seen in the cream-pot, for mousey was
dead.

With rich satisfaction did pussy's eyes gleam,
When she feasted on mousey, all covered in
cream !

THE QUARREL SOME KITTENS.

Two little kittens,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel,
And then to fight.

One had a mouse,
And the other had none ;
And that's the way
The quarrel begun.

“I’ll have that mouse!”

Said the biggest cat.

“You’ll have that mouse?

“We’ll see about that.”

“I will have that mouse,”

Said the tortoise-shell,

And with spit, growl, scratch,

On her sister fell.

The old lady took

The sweeping broom,

And swept them both

Right out of the room.

The ground was covered

Thick with snow;

They had lost the mouse,

And had nowhere to go;

So they lay and shivered

Beside the door,

Till the old lady finished

Sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in

As quiet as mice,

All wet with snow,

And cold as ice;

And found it much better
That stormy night,
To lie by the fire,
Than quarrel and fight.

THE BEE.

I LOVE to see
The busy bee,
I love to watch the hive:
When the sun's hot
They linger not,
It makes them all alive.

God gives them skill,
And with good will
They to their work attend:
Each little cell
Is shaped so well,
That none their work can mend.

Now in, now out,
They move about,
Yet all in order true;
Each seems to know
Both where to go,
And what it has to do.

Just so should I
My heart apply,
My proper work to mind ;
Look for some sweet
In all I meet,
And store up all I find.



MY RABBIT.

LITTLE Bonnie, I'll treat you well ;
If I don't you cannot tell ;
But the great God who lives on high
He will hear your piteous cry.

Our God made you as well as me—
Me so big, and you so wee ;
And sure am I he loves us too ;
So you love me, and I love you !

CLUCKING HEN.

“ Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day ?
There’s barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay.”

“ Thank you,” said the clucking hen,
“ I’ve something else to do ;
I’m busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.”

“ Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck !”
Said the clucking hen :
“ My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I’ll think about it then.”

The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it on the hay ;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack ! went all the eggs,
Out crept the chickens small;
“Cluck !” said the clucking hen,
“Now I have you all.”

“Come along, my little chicks,
I’ll take a walk with you.”
“Hollo !” said the barn-door cock,
“Cock-a-doodle doo !”



THREE IN A BED.

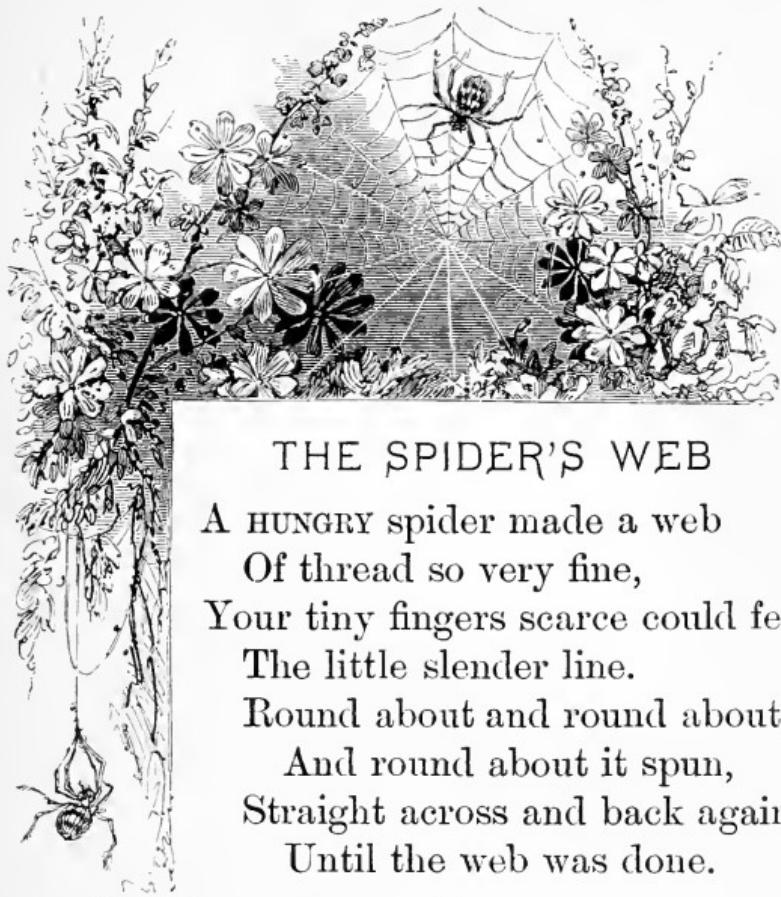
GAY little velvet coats,
One, two, three ;
Any home happier
Could there be ?

Topsy and John
And sleepy Ned
Purring so cosily,
Three in a bed!

Woe to the stupid mouse
Prowling about!
Old mother Pussy
Is on the lookout.
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky-parlor,
Three in a bed!

Mother's a gypsy puss;
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
High-minded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out, you see!
Three in a bed!

I HAD a good lesson,
Which was not thrown away:
Work away while you're able,
Work, work away.



THE SPIDER'S WEB

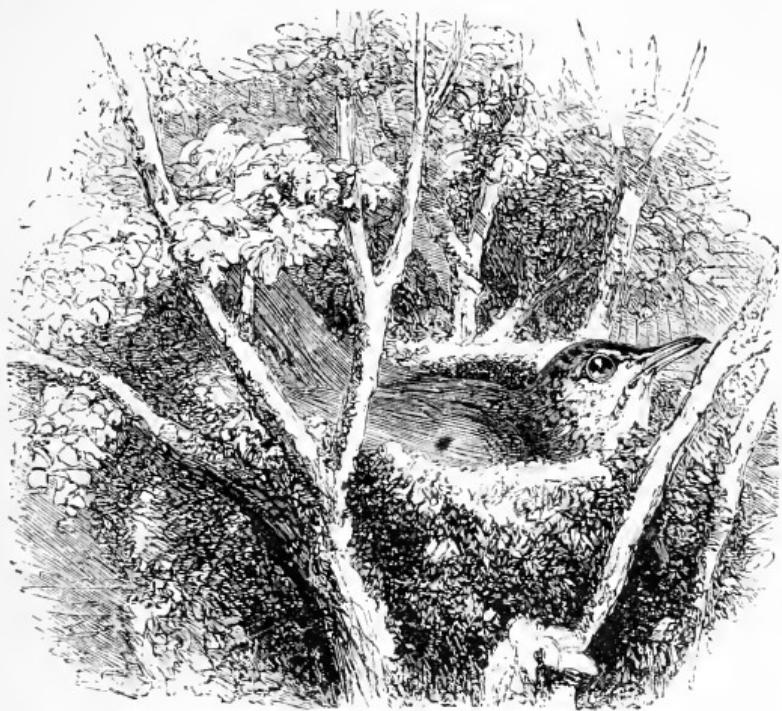
A HUNGRY spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.
Round about and round about,
And round about it spun,
Straight across and back again,
Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty shining web
It was when it was done !
The little flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.
Round about and round about,
And round about they danced ;
Across the web and back again
They darted and they glanced.

The hungry spider sat and watched
The happy little flies ;
It saw all round about its head,
It had so many eyes.
Round about and round about,
And round about they go,
Across the web and back again,
Now very high—now low.

“I am hungry, very hungry,”
Said the spider to a fly.
“If you were caught within the web,
You very soon should die.”
But round about and round about,
And round about once more,
Across the web and back again
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
To venture near the spider;
They flapped their little wings and flew
In circles rather wider.
Round about and round about,
And round about went they,
Across the web and back again,
And then they flew away !



THE GOLD ROBIN.

A LITTLE gold robin, with very red breast,
Sat perched on a tree near a chick-a-dee's nest.
"Will you go and pick cherries," said robin,
"with me?"
"I've no time to spare," said the chick-a-dee-dee.
"And what do you live on?" said robin red-breast.
"The worms from the garden; I like them
the best."

"And where do you find them? Pray come
and show me."

"Go hunt for yourself," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"And where do you sleep?" asked the robin redbreast.

"High up in the tree in my little snug nest."

"Any children?" asked robin. "Ah, yes, I
have three;

Fine birdies they are," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"Do you never get weary?" asked robin redbreast.

"Yes, often; but then I can lie down and rest.
Those three little birds for their food look to
me;

So I must work hard," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"But work is not pleasant," said robin redbreast.

"Ah, love makes it pleasant; love gives it a
zest.

Just try it: here's straw, and look! there's a
tree!

Go build now a nest," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

So off flew the robin with very red breast ;
She gathered up straws, and she made a nice
nest :

She hatched four young robins. " Oh, joy !
Look at me ! "

" Now work and be glad," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

A MERRY lambkin, white as snow,
While in the pasture straying,
Was jumping, springing to and fro,
Its wanton antics playing.

Hop, hop it went o'er stock and stone,
To every fear a stranger.

" Stop," cried the mother, " careless one,
You're running into danger."

The lambkin only hopped the more,
Up hill and down so feately ;
But soon she found her frolic o'er,
Her pleasure spoiled completely :

Upon a hill there lay a stone ;
The lamb was springing o'er it,
When lo ! she fell, and broke a bone,
And aye will she deplore it.

Remember, children, every one,
And wisdom from it borrow,
That pleasure which is overdone,
Will end in pain and sorrow.

TO THE KATYDID.

WHERE are you, little Katydid ?
I hear your funny song :
So safe among the bushes hid,
Do you sing all night long ?
I wonder if you 're never tired
Of chirping nothing new.
If I were you, I 'd try for once
To change a note or two.
But, Katy, it does seem to me
You rather loudly sing ;
You surely make too great a noise
For such a little thing :
For do n't you know big people say—
And we must mind their word—
That young folks should, like you and me,
Be seen, not often heard ?
Now "Katy did," then "Katy didn't;"
'Tis very sad to see
That children of one family
Will sometimes disagree.

Do n't quarrel, Katy ; try to sing
A little gentler song,
For mother tells me, Katy dear,
To contradict is wrong.



LITTLE CHICKS.

ONE, two, three little chickens,
Brown and yellow and white,
Bobbing around in this restless fashion,
Out of the nest to-night :

Three, four—if you do n't keep quiet,
How can I count you right?

One, two—stop till I count you,
Dear little downy things,
Cuddled away from every danger
Under your mother's wings.

“Wee! wee!” when baby's sleepy,
That is the song he sings!

One, two—say, can you count them,
Stupid old mother hen?

How do you know that under your feathers
Nestle your chickens ten?

What if the cat comes slyly creeping,
How will you hide them then?

Ah me! ten little chickens,
Beautiful downy balls!

Wait little chicks, and do n't be growing
Big and bony and tall;
Stay where the mother's wing can shelter,
Brooding over you all.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING,

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, “Dear work, good-night, good-night!”

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed:
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the
road,

All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of
light;

For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violet courtesied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was
day,

And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is
begun!"



WE had a little friend, and we called her Mrs.
Mouse,

She was dressed all in silk so brown ;
She lived all alone in a very little house,
The finest of its size in the town.

We fed her bits of bread, and we gave her
crumbs of cheese,

And we loved to see her bright eyes peep-
ing out ;

“ She’s only one, you know, and she wont do
any harm ;

There’s room enough, so let her play
about.”

But Mrs. Mouse grew rich, and Mrs. Mouse
grew vain,

And wanted to show off her house so fine,
She would not be content to let “ well enough ”
alone,

But invited all her neighbors in to dine.

So in her friends came trooping, from this side
and from that,
By twos and threes, from up street and from
down ;
They came in larger parties, pitter-pat and
pitter-pat,
And all were dressed like her, in suits of
brown.

Mrs. Mouse received her guests, and showed
her great estate ;
She led them to the larder, there to
dine ;
They danced and they frolicked from early
until late,
They ate crackers, cheese, and puddings,
cakes and wine.

Oh, sorely we repented we had cherished Mrs.
Mouse ;
“In the morning we will drive her from our
home.”
No rest, no sleep we got, with the clatter in
the house ;
No mouse—no little sin will live alone.



BIRDS' PICNIC.

THE birds gave a picnic,
the morning was fine,
They all came in couples to chat and to dine;
Miss Robin, Miss Wren,
and the two Misses Jay,

Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And bluebird, who looks
like a handful of sky,
Dropped in with her spouse as the morning wore by;

The yellowbirds, too,
wee bundles of sun,
With the brave chickadees came along to the fun.



Miss Phebe was there, in her prim suit of brown,
In fact, all the birds in the fair leafy town.
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited,
Not even the ants and the crickets were slighted.
The grasshoppers came, some in gray, some in green,
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen.
Miss Miller flew in with her gown white as milk,
And Lady Bug flourished a new crimson silk.
The bees turned out lively, the young and the old,
And proud as could be, in their spencers of gold,
But Miss Caterpillar, how funny of her,
She hurried along in her mantle of fur.
There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great and small,
A very hard matter to mention them all.
And what did they do? Why they sported and sang,
Till all the green wood with their melody rang.

Who e'er gave a picnic so grand and so gay?
They had n't a shower, I'm happy to say;
And when the sun fell, like a cherry, ripe red,
The fireflies lighted them all home to bed.



GOOD-NIGHT.

“GOOD-NIGHT!” said the plough to the weary
old horse;
And Dobbin responded, “Good-night!”
Then with Tom on his back to the farmhouse
he turned,
With a feeling of quiet delight.

“Good-night!” said the ox, with a comical bow,

As he turned from the heavy old cart;
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel
from its side,

Then creaked out, “Good-night from my heart.”

“Good-night!” said the hen when her supper
was done,

To Fanny, who stood in the door;
“Good-night,” answered Fanny; “come back
in the morn,

And you and your chicks shall have more.”

“Quack! quack!” said the duck, “I wish you
all well,

Though I cannot tell what is polite.”

“The will for the deed,” answered Benny the
brave;

“Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-night!”

The geese were parading the beautiful green,
But the goslings were wearied out quite;
So shutting their peepers from under the
wing,

They murmured a sleepy “Good-night!”

Now the shadows of evening were gathering
 apace,
 And fading the last gleam of light ;
So to father and mother both Fanny and Ben
 Gave a kiss and a hearty "Good-night!"

— • —

THE BUTTERFLY.

GOOD-MORNING, pretty butterfly,
 Floating by on wings of light ;
I hope you are as glad as I
 To have a day so fair and bright.

Come and rest here by my side,
 Here on this buttercup so fair ;
Open thy rainbow wings so wide,
 And tell me, are you made of air ?

You are a stranger, butterfly ;
 Although I see you every day,
You're quickly, softly floating by
 Whenever I come out to play.

I want to count your tiny toes,
 I want to find your breathing place,
And see the downy horn that grows
 On either side your pretty face.

I'd like to see just how you're made,
With stripes and spots and dust and rings;
I wish you'd show me how you played
Just now upon your shining wings.

I could not trust you, little boy;
You might not let me soon go free:
My life is floating here in joy,
My death would follow slavery.

THE SQUIRREL.

One day a little squirrel lay
Wounded within a wood,
And Charley thought he'd take it home
And save it if he could.

His care and skill did wondrous work,
And I am glad to tell,
That very soon, through Charley's care,
It grew quite strong and well.

Ere long the merry little thing
Was sociable and tame;
And being very frolicsome,
FRISKY became its name.

He'd spring and gambol round the room,
Performing antics droll;
Or climb and gravely take his seat
Upon the curtain-pole.

When, wearied out with all his play,
He felt inclined to sleep,
He'd gently steal to Charley's side,
Then in his pocket creep,

And there curled up so warm and snug
He put himself to bed,
His nose tucked in between his paws,
His tail wound round his head.

—————♦—————

LET God be thy refuge,
Whate'er be thy lot;
The world may change round thee,
But he changes not.

There's a flower in the meadow,
A fruit on the tree,
And a bright beam of sunshine
Still waiting for thee.



A COMPARISON.

It shines, it rains, then shines again,

What does the weather mean?

It hangs in doubt, the sun comes out,

With drizzling mists between.

Now dark, now light, like day, like night,

'T is changing, fickle weather;

It mists at times, then rains or shines,

And sometimes all together.

Oh, now I see, it is like me,
A wise head and a dunce.
I fret, I smile, then cry awhile,
And sometimes all at once.

I pout, I pet, well pleased I get,
Both diligent and lazy ;
In my own way is such a day,
When rainy, shiny, hazy.

— — —

THE CROWS.

THE crows are building on the trees ;
They build there every spring ;
“Caw, caw,” is all that they can say,
For none of them can sing.

They’re up before the break of day,
And up till late at night,
For they must labor busily
As long as it is light.

“Caw, caw !” Oh, what a noise
They make in rainy weather ;
Good children always speak by turns,
But crows all talk together.

How many nests are on the trees,

And up at what a height!

There are a thousand crows, and yet

I never saw them fight;

For they are friendly birds, and each

Is to his neighbor known;

They never touch each other's things,

But let them all alone.

I wonder if we ever heard

Of little girls and boys

Who quarrelled more than crows, and made

A more unpleasant noise.

I wonder if we ever heard

Of children who would touch

The things they ought to let alone—

I wonder very much.

THE DARK.

WHERE do the little chickens run

When they are made afraid?

Out of the light, out of the sun,

Into the dark—the shade.

Under the mother's downy wing

They fear nor care for anything.

Dear little girl, dear little boy,
Do you thus fear the dark?
Bid to the light, "Good-by," with joy;
Be glad of night; for hark!
No harm can darkness ever bring,
While o'er you Jesus spreads his wing.

Where do the little violets creep
When comes the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground where storms can't reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,
Afraid of the dark of death?
Jesus will raise you full of joy
To the world of light, he saith:
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

"How dare you spoil the water
Where I have stopped to drink!"
"O wolf, you'll lose your anger,
If you will only think:

Oh, do not, do not harm me,
Nor wear that sullen brow,
For, wolf, you stood above me
Upon the stream, you know."

" Well, lamb, if I 'm in error,
I know you 've done me wrong ;
A sland'rous tale last winter,
I suffered from it long ;
And, when I made inquiry,
Found you the lie had told."
" Why, wolf, a lie last winter !
I 'm only four weeks old !"

The lamb, so mild replying,
Had proved the wolf was wrong ;
But ah ! the lamb so lovely
Was weak ; the wolf was strong.
He cried, " It was your father,
And you his guilt must share ;"
Then waiting for no answer,
Began the lamb to tear.



DAME DUCK'S FIRST LESSONS.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow;
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw and leaves and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back ;
“That’s very rude,” said old Dame Duck,
“Get off! quack, quack, quack !”

“ ‘Tis close,” said Dame Duck, shoving
out
The eggshells with her bill ;
“Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still.”



So, rising from her nest, she said,
“Now, children, look at me :
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d’ ye see ?”

“Yes,” said the little ones; and then

She went on to explain:

“A well-bred duck turns in its toes

As I do—try again.”

“Yes,” said the ducklings, waddling on;

“That’s better,” said their mother;

“But well-bred ducks walk in a row,

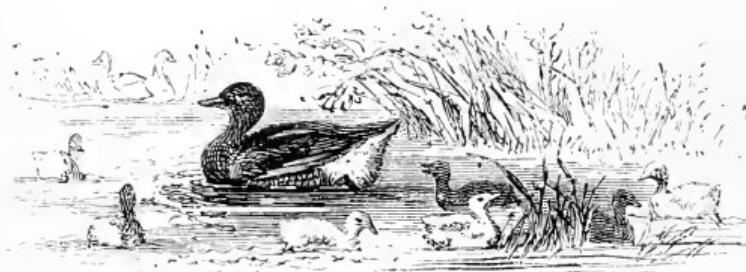
Straight—one behind another.”

“Yes,” said the little ducks again,

All waddling in a row:

“Now to the pond,” said old Dame Duck;

Splash, splash, and in they go.



“Let me swim first,” said old Dame Duck,

“To this side—now to that.

There, snap at those brown-wingéd flies,

They make young ducklings fat.

“ Now when you reach the poultry-yard,
The hen-wife, Molly Head,
Will feed you with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread.

“ The hens will peck and fight ; but mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

“ You ’d better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small ;
In that case, I should use my foot,
And overturn it all.”

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good,
That, from that day, the other fowls
Got hardly any food.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, “ Little cousin, can you tell me
why
You are loved o much better by people than
I ?

“ My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,

And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told.”

“ Ah, cousin,” the bee said, “ ’t is all very true;

But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

“ You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome, but then there’s one thing

They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

“ My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,

Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I’m a humble and innocent bee.”

From this little story, let children beware;
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,

They will never be loved, if they’re ever so fair.

THE SONG OF THE HORSE.

A poor old stage-horse, lank and thin,
Not much else than bones and skin,
I jog along, week out, week in,
Kicked and cursed, and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side, and jerked by the head;
And the thing I can't at all make out
Is, what on earth it's all about.

Why was I made to toil and tug
For this odd little human bug,
Two legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter?
Or why was he made, for that matter?
And, if I needs must be created,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely mated,
Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket, and all that?

Here I go on, day after day,
Pounding and slipping down Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With forelegs gone, and yet no wings.
Where they all go to, I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use heaven puts them to!

It was n't my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big and my muscles small,
And so I missed of a rich man's stall.
I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know,
And his ribs can ache with a kick and blow,
As well as the glossiest nags that go ;
And pray how long will they use me so ?

THE CRICKET'S SONG.

Down in the hollow of the old beech-tree,
A cricket, he lives so joyous and free ;
Through all of the day, and all night long,
Still gayly he sings his blithe merry song.

In darkness and light,
By day and by night,
He chirrups so loud and chirrups so free,
In his snug home down in the old beach-tree.

In thy heart a tiny cricket lives,
And a cheerful and happy song he gives
Of the daily goodness and care of God,
As we travel along this earthly road.

Then loud let him sing,
Let his music ring !

Sing out as joyous, and sing out as free,
As the cricket down in the old beech-tree.

There's plenty of sorrow and plenty of care,
And trouble enough for all to bear;
So we'll keep our hearts light, and never will
fret,
Though we want many things that we never
may get.

But in days of light,
And in sorrow's dark night,
We'll sing out as loud, and sing out as free,
As the cricket down in the old beech-tree.

—————

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By-and-by, when the spring-time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown ;
Warm and soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap ;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet ;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found ;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten ;
Though weak, we are never afraid ;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creature he made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me:
Have you less faith than me?

INDEPENDENCE.

"PRETTY vine, what makes you cling
To that cold gray stone?
Why do n't you lift your drooping head,
Like all the flow'rets in the bed,
And learn to stand alone?"

"Little maid," the vine replied,
"You need n't pity me;
I lie here in the warm bright sun,
And have the stone to rest upon;
I'm happy as can be."

"Why don't you leave your mother's side,
And run away alone?
I think you're just as bad as I:
You always want her standing by,
And I want my gray stone."



THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the ground,
She put out her thorns and scratched every-
thing round.

"I'll just try," said she, "how bad I can be;
At pricking and scratching but few can match
me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers
 pure white;
But all who came nigh her were so worried
 by her,
They'd go out of the way to keep clear of the
 Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor the Violet, over the way;
“I wonder,” said she, “that no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see.”

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus an-
swered he :

“ ‘Tis not that she’s fair, for you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there;
“ But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind ;
E’en the worms at her feet she would never
 ill-treat,
And to bird, bee, and butterfly always is
 sweet.”

The gardener’s wife just then the pathway
 came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her
 gown.

"O dear, what a tear! my gown's spoiled, I
declare,
That troublesome Brier has no business there;
Here, John, grub it up; throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

MRS. ANNA BACHE.

THE THORN.

A bit of wool sticks here upon this thorn;
Ah, cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep!
And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was
worn,
Its coat so thick, a hot and cumbrous load.

The wool a little bird takes in his bill,
And with it up to yonder tree he flies;
A nest he's building there with matchless
skill,
Compact and firm, that cold and rain defies.

To line that nest the wool, so soft and warm,
Preserves the eggs which hold its tender
young;
And when they're hatched, that wool will
keep from harm
The callow brood, until they're fledged and
strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can spare.

In this, my child, a wholesome moral spy,
And when the poor shall crave thy good to
share,

Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.

READY FOR DUTY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold

Through the brcwn mould,

Although the March breezes blew keen on her
face,

Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground

The sweet rushing sound

Of the streams as they burst off their white
winter chains,

Of the whistling spring winds and the patter-
ing rains.

“Now then,” thought Daffy, deep down in
her heart,

“It’s time I should start.”

So she pushed her soft leaves through the
frozen ground,

Quite up to the surface, and then she looked
round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead;

The trees all looked dead:

Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice
would not melt?

“Cold weather!” thought Daffy, still working away;

“The earth’s hard to-day!

There’s but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green.

“I can’t do much yet, but I’ll do what I can;
It’s well I began;

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring’s herself dead.”

So little by little she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true,
I wish all were like you,

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together!

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE white Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.
Sunshine little white Lily has fed;
Little white Lily is lifting her head.

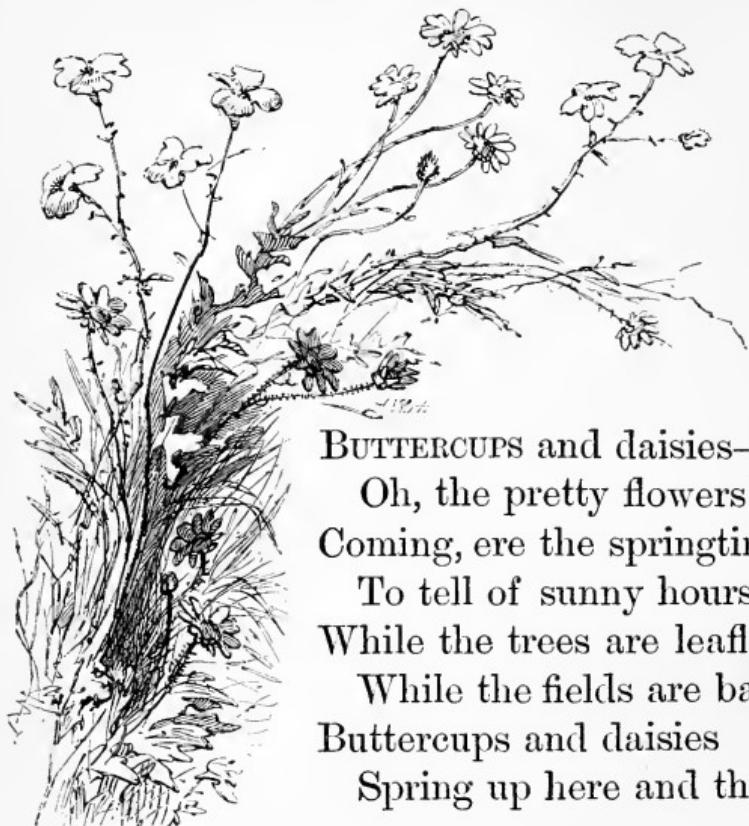
Little white Lily said, "It is good,
Little white Lily's clothing and food."
Little white Lily drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness, and crowned beside.

Little white Lily droopeth for pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.
Little white Lily holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty to have nice rain;
Now I am stronger, now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."

Little white Lily smells very sweet,
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain,
Little white Lily is happy again!

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.



BUTTERCUPS and daisies—
Oh, the pretty flowers !
Coming, ere the springtime,
To tell of sunny hours !
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is weather,
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are on my spirit
Visioned a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

THE SNOWBALL.

KEEP it rolling—that's the way;
Keep it rolling, rolling;
Roll for work, or roll for play,
Keep it rolling, rolling;
Gathering, growing, let it go
Over the soft and feathery snow.

Keep it rolling; only see
How it grows by moving!
That's the way with you and me—
Advancing is improving:
'T is not by the much we know,
'T is by doing that we grow.

Keep it rolling; if it rest,
'T will be hard to move it then;
Then not growing it will waste,
Melting into naught again.
So with us, our chance abusing,
If not gaining, we are losing.

Keep it rolling; by-and-by
'T will be more than you can do.
While you can go forward—try;
More is not required of you:
Whether work or play be in it,
Do it well when you begin it.



THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusky roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you 'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere;

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry birds not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere.
When you 're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I 'll come
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

S. ROBERTS.

THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A SUNBEAM and zephyr were playing about
One spring, ere a blossom had peeped from
the stem,
When they heard, under ground, a faint, fairy-
like shout—
'T was the voice of a field-daisy calling to
them.
“ Oh, tell me, my friends, has the winter gone
by ?
Is it time to come up ? Is the crocus there
yet ?
I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
To be with you, and kiss you ; 't is long
since we met.
“ I've been ready this great while, all dressed
for the show ;
I've a gem on my bosom as pure as a star,

And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow,
And I mean to be greater than crocuses
are.”



WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

“ WHICH is the wind that brings the cold ? ”

“ The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow ;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.”

“ Which is the wind that brings the heat ? ”

“ The south wind, Katy, and corn will grow
And peaches redder for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.”

“ Which is the wind that brings the rain ? ”

“ The east wind, Arty ; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.”

“ Which is the wind that brings the flowers ? ”

“ The west wind, Bessie ; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow.”

THE POND AND THE BROOK.

“ NEIGHBOR Brook,” said the Pond, one day,
“ Why do you flow so fast away ?
Sultry June is hastening on,
And then your water will all be gone.”

“ Nay, my friend,” the Brook replied,
“ Do not thus my conduct chide ;
Shall I rather hoard than give ?
Better die than useless live.”

Summer came, and blazing June
Dried the selfish Pond full soon ;
Not a single trace was seen
Where it had so lately been.

But the Brook with vigor flowed
Swift along its pebbly road,
And the fragrant flowers around
Loved to hear the happy sound.



THE RAIN.

“OPEN the window and let
me in,”
Sputters the petulant
rain;
“I want to splash down
on the carpet, dear,
And I can’t get through
the pane.

“Here I’ve been tapping outside to you;
Why don’t you come, if you’re there?
The scuttles are shut, or I’d dash right in,
And stream down the attic stair.

“I’ve washed the windows, I’ve spattered the
blinds,
And that is not half I have done:

I bounced on the steps and sidewalks too,
Till I made the good people run.

“I’ve sprinkled your plant on the window-sill,
So drooping and wan that looks;
And dusty gutters, I’ve filled them up
Till they flow like running brooks.

• “I have been out in the country too,
For there in glory am I;
The meadows I’ve swelled, and watered the
corn,
And floated the fields of rye.

“Out from the earth sweet odors I bring,
I fill up the tubs at the spout;
While, eager to dance in the puddles
make,
The bare-headed child runs out.

“The puddles are sweet to his naked feet,
When the ground is heated through;
If only you ’ll open the window, dear,
I’ll make such a puddle for you.”

MRS. A. M. WELLS.



MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

ROBINS in the tree-tops,
 Blossoms in the grass;
 Green things a-growing
 Everywhere you pass:
 Sudden little breezes,
 Showers of silver dew,
 Black bough and bent twig
 Budding out anew!
 Pine-tree and willow-tree,
 Fringed elm and larch,
 Don't you think May time's
 Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
 Mellowing one by one;
 Strawberries upturning
 Soft cheeks to the sun;
 Roses faint with sweetness,
 Lilies fair of face, [murs
 Drowsy scents and mur-
 Haunting every place;
 Beams of golden sunshine,
 Moonlight bright as day,
 Don't you think summer's
 Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
 Whistling negro-songs;
 Pussy by the hearthside
 Romping with the tongs;
 Chestnuts in the ashes
 Bursting through the
 rind;
 Red-leaf and gold-leaf
 Rustling down the wind;
 Mother "doing peaches"
 All the afternoon—
 Do n't you think Autumn's
 Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
 Dancing in the flue:
 Old Mr. Santa Claus,
 What is keeping you?
 Twilight and firelight
 Shadows come and go;
 Merry chime of sleigh-bells
 Tinkling thro' the snow;
 Mother knitting stockings,
 (Pussy's got the ball!)—
 Do n't you think Winter's
 Pleasantest of all?

T. B. ALDRICH.

12



LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender stalk,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's notes
Poured from above;
Gay little dandelion
Recks not of love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the springs agone
Gay hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay;
True little dandelion
Greeteth the May.

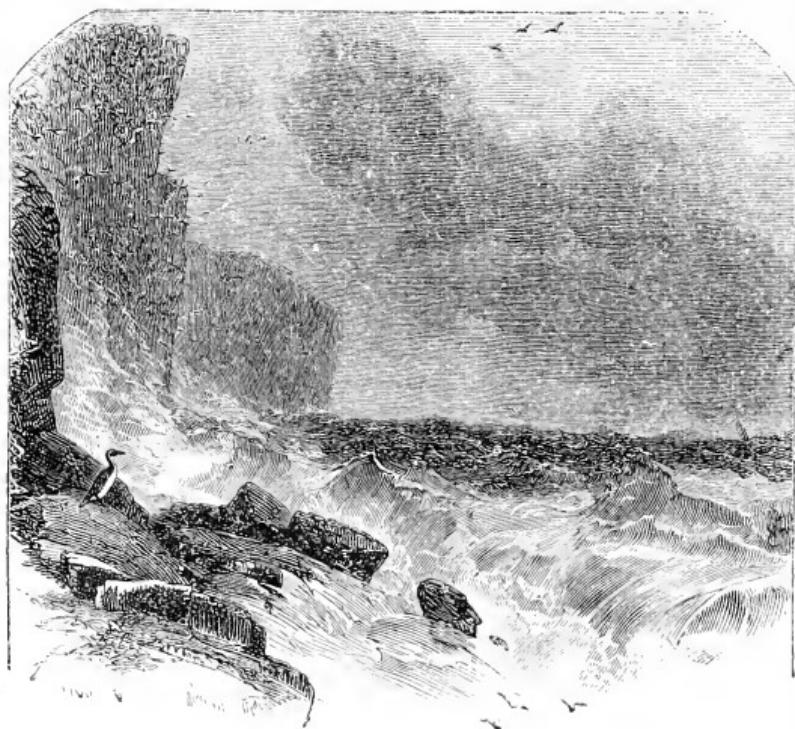
Brave little dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under the fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little dandelion
Growtheth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high,
Faint little dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little dandelion
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud ;
Tiny plumes fluttering,
Make no delay ;
Little winged dandelion
Soareth away.

SPRING.

SPRING is coming, Spring is coming !
Birds are chirping, insects humming ;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping ;
Streams escape from winter's keeping.
Shout we, then, with Nature's voice :
Welcome, Spring ! Rejoice, rejoice !



THE SEA.

EBB and flow! ebb and flow!
Chanting ever, chanting low,
O'er the rocks, o'er the strand,
And far o'er the naked sand.

To and fro! to and fro!
Rocking ever, rumbling low,
Singing soft, singing sweet,
When thy restless waves do meet.

Louder still ! louder still !
With a merry right good will
Come and go ! Come, O sea !
Can I ever sing like thee ?

— — —
MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !
Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon !
There's joy on the mountains,
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !



SKATING.

Oh, come with me, and we will go
And try the winter's cold, sir;
It freezes now, and soon will snow,
But we are strong and bold, sir.

With sled and satchel off we start,
The morning duties through, sir ;
And all the day, with books and chart,
We have enough to do, sir.

But when our lessons all are done,
Oh, then we're on the ice, sir;
And by the slowly-sinking sun,
We are skating it so nice, sir.

And then at evening, sitting round
Our father's cheerful blaze, sir;
We'll study hard, and cheerful be.
To please our parents kind, sir.

THE BLUEBELL.

THERE is a story I have heard,
A poet learned it of a bird,
And kept its music every word;

A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree-tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus watching the blue heavens afar,
And th' rising of its favorite star,
A change came to the simple flower :

For, softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness, like the light
Of skies upon a summer night ;

And in its chalice, as I'm told,
The bonnie bell was formed to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue :

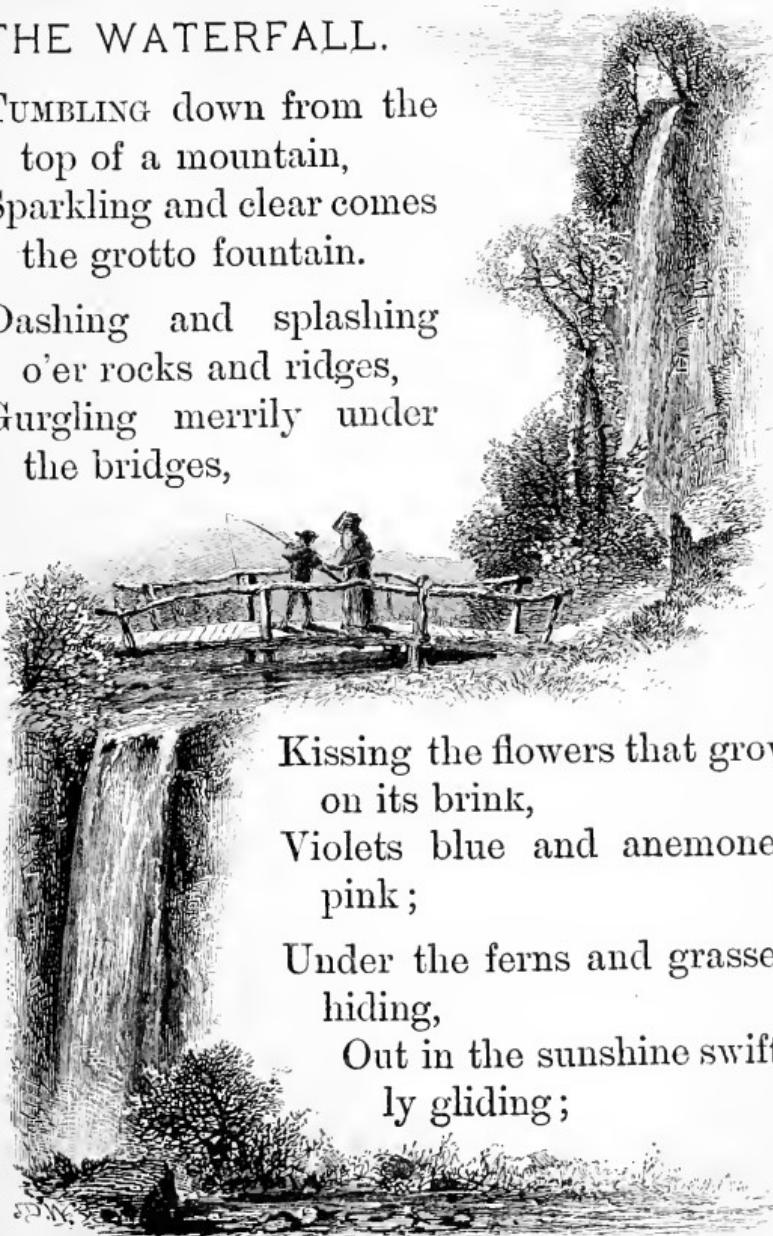
The patient child, whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by-and-by.

THE WATERFALL.

TUMBLING down from the
top of a mountain,
Sparkling and clear comes
the grotto fountain.

Dashing and splashing
o'er rocks and ridges,
Gurgling merrily under
the bridges,

Kissing the flowers that grow
on its brink,
Violets blue and anemones
pink ;
Under the ferns and grasses
hiding,
Out in the sunshine swift-
ly gliding ;



Down through the meadows winding around
Into the river it leaps with a bound.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday-lessons are done.
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one time one.

O moon in the night, I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright, ah, bright ! but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon ! have you done something wrong
in heaven,
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee ! you 're a dusty fellow,
 You 've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marshmary-buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold.

O columbine ! open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell ;
O cuckoo-pint ! toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear, green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones
 in it ;
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ; you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
 I am seven times one to-day.

GIVE AS YOU WOULD TAKE.

My bairnies dear, when you go out
 With other bairns to play,
Take heed of everything you do,
 Of every word you say ;
From mischievous and tricky loons
 Keep back, my bairns, keep back ;
And aye to all such usage give
 As you would like to take.

To twist the mouth and call ill names
Is surely very bad ;
Then all such doings still avoid—
They'd make your mother sad.
To shield the weakly from the strong,
Be neither slow nor slack,
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to take.

A kindly word, a soothing look,
Have ready aye for all ;
We are one Maker's handiwork—
He made us, great and small.
We're all the children of his care ;
Oh, then, for his dear sake,
Be sure such usage aye to give
As you would like to take.



THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A LITTLE boy one time I knew,
Who was obedient and true ;
A strong and healthy lad was he,
And happy, too, as he could be.
He helped his mother every day,
More pleased to do it than to play ;

And when she called out, "Freddy, dear,
I want you for a moment here!"
Then, whether in the house or out,
Freddy would answer with a shout,
 " I 'm coming, mother!"

When baby in the cradle lay,
And needed rocking right away,
And mother had some work to do
Which must be then attended to,
Then she would call out, "Freddy, dear,
I want you for a moment here;"
However busy out of door,
He 'd cry out louder than before,
 " I 'm coming, mother!"

On many an errand Freddy went,
Most cheerfully when he was sent ;
The cat and dog he always fed,
And helped his mother make the bed ;
He blew the fire and swept the floor,
And answered knockers at the door.
But when the call would come so clear,
" I want you for a moment here!"
You 'd hear dear Freddy answering there,
 " I 'm coming, mother!"



OLD WINTER IS COMING.

OLD Winter is coming; alack, alack!

How icy and cold is he!

He's wrapped to his heels in a snowy-white
sack,

The trees he has laden till ready to crack;
He whistles his trills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree.

A funny old fellow is Winter, I trow,
A merry old fellow for glee;
He paints all the noses a beautiful hue,
He counts all our fingers, and pinches them
too;
Our toes he gets hold of through stocking and
shoe,
For a funny old fellow is he.

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree;
From morning till night he will sing us his
song,
Now moaning and short, now boldly and long;
His voice, it is loud, for his lungs are so
strong,
And a merry old fellow is he.

Old Winter's a rough old chap to some,
As rough as ever you'll see.
"I wither the flowers whenever I come,
I quiet the brook that went laughing along,
I drive all the birds off to find a new home,
I'm as rough as rough can be."

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he;
He peeps in the crevices day by day

To see how we're passing our time away,
And mark all our doings from sober to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!



THE CHATTERER.

THERE lived in a house by the side of a mill
A little girl once, who could never be still ;
Her tongue was so long, 't was a difficult mat-
ter
To tell whether she or the mill made most
clatter.

Whether working or eating, or sitting or walking,

She never was easy but when she was talking;
And though she was told of it every day,
The unruly tongue would still chatter away.

Her mother did try all methods, indeed,
To cure this sad failing, but could not succeed;
And much it distressed her to see her dear
child

By one ugly habit so totally spoiled.

THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

THE lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn
As she saw a plainly-dressed ant go by
With a heavy grain of corn;

So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken nest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast,

And laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled on
At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bug fell,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
And knew not where to go,
For chill November's early blast
Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were chill and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the ant's warm cell ;
And what she did when the winter came,
I am sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side ;
She taught them all, like herself, to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.

And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.



THE SWING.

MERRY it is on a summer's day
All through the meadows to wend away,
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing;
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing,
But 'tis merrier far to swing, to swing!

Down with the hoop upon the green,
Down with the ringing tambourine;

Little care we for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat:
Away we go, like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! Now for the king!
This is the way we swing, we swing!

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so light;
Mount up behind him—there, that is right;
Down bends the branch, now swing him away.
Higher yet! higher yet! higher, I say!
Oh, what a joy it is! Now let us sing,
“A pear for the queen—an apple for the king!”
And shake the old tree as we swing, we swing.

TIT FOR TAT.

“Tit for tat” is a very bad word,
As frequently people apply it;
It means, as I have usually heard,
They intend to revenge themselves by it.
There is but one place where it’s proper and
pat,
And there I permit them to say tit for tat:
Whatever shows any kindness to us,
With kindness we ought to repay;
To schoolmate and playmate, dog, pony, and
puss,
And everything else in its way;

In cases like that it is proper and pat
To use this old maxim, and say "tit for tat."



ISABEL'S WISH.

"I WISH I were a butterfly,"
Said little Isabel:
"What pretty tales of summer flowers
I to my friends would tell!"

"I'd never rest upon a rose,
A tulip, or a pink,
But of their varied hues and tints
I afterwards would think.

“I’d rove from morn to setting sun,
And never stop to rest,
Unless it were on some sweet flower
That I might love the best.

“To rest upon a deep red rose
Would give me great delight;
But then I’d love as well to rest
Upon a rose that’s white.

“The lily and the primrose pale,
The violet so blue,
I’d stop and give to each a kiss,
As onward still I flew.

“I think you’ve told me oft, mamma,
That up, where shines the star,
There is a world of fadeless flowers
More sweet than these by far;

“And children who are good and pure
May rove among them free:
Oh, if I were but there, mamma,
How happy I should be!”



IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child—a boy or girl—

I'm sorry it is true—

Who does n't mind when spoken to :

Is it?—it is n't you!

Oh, no, it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—

I'm loath to say I do—

Who struck a little playmate child—

Was it?—it was n't you!

I hope that 't was n't you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—

I hope that such are few—

Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!

Was it?—it was n’t you!

It cannot be ’t was you!

There is a boy—I know a boy—

I cannot love him, though—

Who robs the little birdies’ nests.

Is it?—it can’t be you!

That bad boy can’t be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know—

And I could love her, too,

But that she is so proud and vain.

Is it?—it can’t be you?

That surely isn’t you!



I WISH I WAS RICH.

“I WISH I was rich,”

The poor boy said,

“For then I would have

An abundance of bread,

And I never should go

Without supper to bed.”

“I wish I was rich,”
The selfish boy said,
“For then I would buy
The handsomest sled,
And every new plaything
That could be had.”

“I wish I was rich,”
The student said,
“There is not a book
But should be read,
And my shelves should be piled
Above my head.”

“I wish I was rich,”
The good boy said,
“And every poor child
Should be clothed and fed,
And warmed and sheltered,
And comforted.”

NOTHING.

I ASKED a lad what he was doing;
“Nothing, good sir,” said he to me.
“By nothing well and long pursuing,
Nothing,” said I, “you ’ll surely be.”

I asked a lad what he was thinking;
“Nothing,” quoth he, “I do declare.”
“Many,” said I, “in taverns drinking,
By idle minds were carried there.”

There’s nothing great, there’s nothing wise,
Which idle hands and minds supply;
Those who all thought and toil despise,
Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather,
When in a sum they all are brought;
A thousand idle lads together,
Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,
And sometimes pompous seem and haughty;
But still ’t is ever plain to most,
That “nothing” boys are mostly haughty.

MY LESSON.

An easy lesson may appear
Too hard at first to me,
Although to others very clear,
And simple as can be.



If with good will I try to learn,
Soon I may find it plain ;
But if from it in haste I turn,
Hard it will still remain.

It will not do to think or say,
“ ‘T is of no use to try ;”
To give it up is not the way,
Nor yet to fret or cry.

The way to make that lesson plain,
Which now too hard I find,
Is but to try, and try again,
With all my heart and mind.

I know not what I may get through
In time, with proper care ;
What others have done I may do,
And their reward may share.

LAZY NED.

“It’s royal fun,” cried lazy Ned,
“To coast upon my fine new sled,
And beat the other boys ;
But then I cannot bear to climb
This slippery hill, for every time
It more and more annoys.”

So when his schoolmates glided by
And gladly tugged up hill to try
Another merry race,
Too indolent to share their plays,
Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,
While shivering in his place.

Thus he would never take the pains
To seek the prize that labor gains.
Until the time was past ;

For all his life he dreaded still
The silly bugbear of up-hill,
And died a dunce at last.

THE WATCH.

THE little watch goes tick, tick, tick,
So many times a minute,
And still keeps on so very quick,
What can the watch have in it?

Why, little wheels go round and round
Inside the shining cases,
Which makes the balance beat and sound,
While they turn in their places.

These wheels would never move or go,
And keep so nicely working,
Unless they were, as we must know,
Pushed on and kept from stopping.

There is a very little thing,
To which the motion's owing,
That's coiled within, and called a spring,
Which keeps the whole agoing.

So I must have a holy spring
To set my heart in motion;
The grace of God alone can bring
The soul to true devotion.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

NEVER look sad:

Nothing so bad

As getting familiar with sorrow.

Treat him to day

In a cavalier way,

And he 'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you 'd not weep,

Could you but peep

At the bright side of every trial :

Fortune, you 'll find,

Is often most kind

When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day

Carry away

Its own little burden of sorrow,

Or you may miss

One half the bliss

That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wrecked,

Pause and reflect

If error occasioned your sadness :

If it be so,

Hereafter you 'll know

How to steer to the harbor of gladness.



IN THE HAY.

In the hay, in the hay,
Toss we and tumble;
No one to say us nay,
All through the summer day,
No one to grumble.

In the hay, in the hay,
Willie we'll smother:
Bring armfuls, heap them high,
Pile them up; now good-by,
Poor little brother.

In the hay, in the hay,
Snugly reclining,
Shaded from noontide heat,
Smelling the clover sweet,
See us all dining,

While the hay-makers sit
Under the willows,
All with their bread and cheese
Spread out upon their knees,
Hay for their pillows.

Hark how they laugh and chat,
Happy, light-hearted!
Now to the work they go,
Raking up one long row,
Fit to be carted.

Now comes the wagon near,
Quickly they're loading.
Rake away, rake away!
While 't is fine, make the hay,
Rain I'm foreboding.



THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock !
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks ;
“Tick-tock, tick-tock.”
Tell me what it says.

“I’m a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I’ve stood for many a year;
Tick-tock, tick-tock.”
That is what it says.

“I’m a very truthful clock ;
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face ;
Tick-tock, tick-tock.”
That is what it says.

“I’m a very active clock,
For I go while you’re asleep,
Though you never take a peep ;
Tick-tock, tick-tock.”
That is what it says.

“I’m a most obliging clock ;
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like ;
Tick-tock, tick-tock.”
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock !
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two.
“Ding-ding, tick-tock.”
That is what it says.



LITTLE MAT.

THIS strange little boy with a ragged old hat,
Bare feet and torn pants, is poor little Mat;
His home, o'er the seas, was a rude hut of
clay,

Where on a hard pallet his feeble limbs lay.

His food was potatoes with bitter brown bread,
And nightly his prayers to a picture he said;
No Sunday-school there, not a book in the
house,

Mat knew little more than a bird or a mouse.

But Jesus in pity looked down from above,
And over poor Mat spread the wings of his
love;

He watched o'er the winds and the billows
that bore

The half-famished boy to our own happy shore.

Shall we, who are fed by the same loving
Friend,

Look scornfully down on the poor he may
send?

No, no, little Mat, we will give you our hand,
And near us at play and in school you shall
stand.

THE STREET-SWEEPER.

“ My father is sick, and my mother is dead,
The little ones still are asleep in their bed,
While I and my broom are out earning their
bread.

Please, sir, give me a penny!”

“ And what do you do in the pattering rain?”

“ Why, under the eaves there is plenty of room

For poor little me and my little corn broom.

Please, sir, give me a penny!”

“ And how do you hide from the scorching sun?”

“ My little blue kerchief, it covers my head,
And nothing, sir, troubles me earning my bread.

Please, sir, give me a penny.”

“ But dangers may trap you, alone in the street.”

“ Our Father in heaven, oh, sure he will keep
A fatherly watch o'er a poor little sweep.

Please, sir, give me a penny.”

“ Oh, who would have thought, out here in
the dust,

From a little girl trying to earn her crust,
To have learned such a lesson of heavenly trust?

Here's a handful of pennies, my child.”



THE SNOW-MAN.

SEE the white giant! how he stands
With up-raised cudgel in his hands,
And threatens all with blows.
He threatens friends and foes alike,
But never fear, he cannot strike,
Nor even guard his nose.

Snow-man, I think you are unwise,
With kimboed arm and great coal eyes,
 To try to frighten folk ;
For if the sun shines warm to-day,
You 'll drop your club and steal away
 Into a dirty brook.

—
WORK while you work, and play when you play,
For that is the way to be cheerful and gay.
All that you do, do with your might ;
Things done by halves are never done right.

One thing each time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell.
Moments are useless trifled away ;
Work while you work, and play while you play.

—
HOW SELFISH IT IS.

I 'VE a home and kind friends, and abundance
 to eat,
And clothing sufficient, so decent and neat,
And books, that my mind may to knowledge
 aspire,
And all that a child can in reason desire ;
But to care for my comfort, and only for this,
And forget my poor neighbors, how selfish it is.

My aunt kindly gave me a shilling last night,
For she knew that I wanted to buy a new kite;
But a poor aged widow lives over the way,
And she says she has not had a morsel to-day.
Here, dry up your tears, and buy something
with this,

For to spend all on playthings, how selfish it is.

As Christ has commanded, I'll constantly try
My neighbors to love and myself to deny;
From my own little pleasures a trifle I'll spare
To gladden their hearts and to lighten their
care;

That whatever friends find in my conduct
amiss,

They never may say—Oh, how selfish it is!

CONSCIENCE.

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill or well;
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a pœan of delight;
But if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.

And should we, on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'T will with its tones, serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.

And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive with main and might
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning song ne'er slight.

TABLE MANNERS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring,
I must not play, nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B cautious, B prudent, B truthful, refined.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, Benevolent, willing to learn;
B temp'rate in argument, pleasure, and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B courteous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B bold and B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
Be active, devoted, and faithful till death.

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

WE are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes ; each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares :
Patiently take the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes ; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay ;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes ; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell ;
Who uses minutes has hours to use ;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

GOOD TEMPER.

THERE 's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Not yet one half so dear ;
'Tis better than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained each year.

It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose—
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose!

What may this wondrous spirit be—
This power unheard before—
This charm—this bright divinity?
Good temper, nothing more!
Good temper! 't is the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

C. SWAIN.

TRUST.

A BIRD appears a thoughtless thing:
He's ever living on the wing,
And keeps up such a carolling,
That little else to do but sing
A man would guess had he.

No doubt he has his little cares,
And very hard he often fares,
The which so patiently he bears,
That, listening to those cheerful airs,
Who knows but he may be

In want of his next meal of seeds?
I think for that his sweet song pleads;
If so, his pretty art succeeds,
I'll scatter here among the weeds
All the small crumbs I see.



MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
 Make your mark.

Do you delve upon the soil?
 Make your mark.

In whatever path you go,
 In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
 Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade;
 Make your mark.

Marks of *some* kind *must* be made;
 Make your mark:

Make it while the arm is strong,
 In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong:
 Make it with the stamp of *truth*;
 Make your mark.



FIVE MINUTES LATE.

FIVE minutes late, and
the school is begun;
What are rules made for
if you break every one?
Just as the scholars are seated and quiet,
You hurry in with disturbance and riot.
Why did you loiter so long by the way?
All the classes are formed for the day.

Hurry and pick up definer and slate ;
Room at the foot for the scholar that's late.

Five minutes late, and the table is spread,
The children are seated, and grace has been
said ;

Even the baby, all sparkling and rosy,
Sits in her high chair by mamma so cosy.

Five minutes late, and your hair all askew,
Just as the comb was drawn hastily through.
There is your chair, and tumbler, and plate ;
Cold cheer for those who are five minutes late.

Five minutes late on this fine Sabbath morn !
All the good people to church they have gone.
Ah, when you stand at the beautiful gate,
What will you do if you're five minutes late ?

RESOLUTION.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
 Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
 Say it.

If you 've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
 Love it.

If you 've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
 Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
 Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
 Light it.

If you 've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
 Pay it.

If you 've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
 Hold it.

If you 've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet
 Meet it.

If you 're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
 See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear—
 Hear it.



NOBODY.

My glasses are missing, the paper mislaid,
But nobody's seen them, I am afraid;

For thimble and scissors I 've looked high and low,
Though nobody 's had them I very well know;
And my carpet, this morning so bright and so neat,
Is covered with tracks of nobody's feet.

"Who waked up the baby?" nurse wondering cries.

"Nobody!" Miss Bessie quite archly replies,
Appealing to Grace, who lifts shyly her eyes.
Nurse looks very doubtful, but says nothing more,

Though she thinks that she heard *some* one slamming the door.

"Who has seen my new grammar?" Each cranny and nook

Is thoroughly searched for Jack's missing book.

He brought it from school, and 't was laid on the shelf;

But "nobody 's had it"—that sly little elf,
Who answers for half the misdeeds that are done,

The veriest scapegrace beneath the bright sun.

From barefooted beggar to king on the throne,
His equal for mischief ah ! never was known.
Though we never can track him, he always is
nigh,

Still putting his finger in every one's pie.

In great things and small the verdict's the
same—

Whatever the damage, *Nobody's* to blame !

E. V. S.

— • —
BY-AND-BY.

THERE 's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is *By-and-by*.

What we ought to do *this minute*,
“ Will be better done,” he 'll cry,
“ If *to-morrow* we begin it :
“ *Put it off*,” says *By-and-by*.

Those who heed the treacherous wooing,
Will his faithless guidance rue :
What we *always* put off doing,
Clearly we shall *never* do.

We shall reach what we endeavor,
If on Now we more rely;
But unto the realms of NEVER
Leads the pilot BY-AND-BY.



IN January falls the snow,
In February cold winds blow,
March waits to unlock the spring,
Which April soon will usher in ; .
In May the roses scent the air,
June's fresh fruits are ripe and fair ;
'T is July's work to make the hay,
But August has the hottest day ;

September sees the harvest home,
October gayest robes puts on,
November, nipped with frost, draws near,
And then December ends the year.



THE GIANT.

“Do tell me why the kettle’s lid
Is moving up and down ;
And why that smoke comes puffing out
So fiercely from the kettle’s spout—
It sprinkles, see, your gown !”

“ Ah, Charlie, boy, you do not know
That under that small lid
A giant, powerful and strong,
Who pushes ships and trains along,
Is in the kettle hid.”

“ A real giant! O mamma,
You must be in a dream.”

“ No dream, my child; the slave of man,
He does more work than horses can;
The giant’s name is Steam.

“ Giants of old were mighty men,
Who mighty deeds could do;
So when *one* does the work of *ten*,
In digging mine or draining fen,
We call him giant too.

“ And steam has strength for works so vast,
You can no giant name,
In all the books, from first to last,
Which tell the story of the past,
That ever did the same.

“ And you, my boy, will learn one day
How that which moves the lid
Can with the ponderous piston play,
And make the fly-wheel spin away,
And work as it is bid.”

HOME.

I KNOW not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide ;
With a childlike trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.
The only thing that I say to him,
As he takes it, is, Hold it fast !
Suffer me not to lose my way,
But bring me safe home at last.

As when some helpless traveller,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand :
'T is home, 't is home that we wish to reach ;
He who guides us may choose the way ;
Little we care the path we take,
If we're nearer home each day.



THE GOLDEN RULE.

LOVE and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone :
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own ?

Let us try to care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best ;
We should all be friends and brothers :
'T was the Saviour's last request.

SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the cherubim
To hear the children's prayer.

He at a mother's breast was fed,
Though God's own Son was he ;
He learned the first small words he said,
Meek at his mother's knee.

He held us to his mighty breast,
The children of the earth ;
He lifted up his hands and blessed
The babes of human birth.

Although he is the Son of God,
Our gracious Saviour, too,
The scenes we tread his footsteps trod,
The paths of youth he knew.

And from the stars his face will turn
On us with glances mild ;
The angels of his presence yearn
To bless the little child.



THE SHOEMAKER.

WANDERING up and down one day,
I peeped in a window over the way,
And putting his needle through and through,
There sat the cobbler making a shoe.

Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too ;

This is the way I make a shoe.

O'er lasts of wood his bits of leather
He stretches and fits, then sews together ;

He puts his waxed-ends through and through,
And still as he stitches his body goes too.

Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too ;

This is the way I make a shoe.

Now with his hammer he giveth a tap
To the shoe so firmly fixed in his lap ;
His head it goes up, and his head it goes
down,

But on his face there rests never a frown.

Rat-a-tap, etc.

With his little sharp awl then he maketh a
hole

Right through the upper and right through
the sole ;

He puts in one peg or he puts in two,
And laughs and sings as he hammers them
through.

Rat-a-tap, etc.

The shoemaker's hands are smutty and grim,
And for a clean shirt he cares not a pin ;
But bright is his face with many a smile,
And as he stitches he singeth the while :

Rat-a-tap, etc.

Now with a hammer and now with a stitch,
This is the way the cobbler grows rich ;
For the world he cares never the whisk of a
broom,

But all he wants is his elbow-room.

Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too ;

This is the way I make a shoe.

CORAL.

I THOUGHT my branch of coral
A pretty shrub might be,
Until I heard a little worm
Had made it in the sea.

“Far down below,
Where young pearls grow,
On the mossy bed of the sea ;
Down, down so deep,
Where dark waters sleep,
We work so silently.

“ We rest not there ;
With toil and care
We mount unto the sky ;
Our fragile forms
Resist the storms,
We work until we die.

“Nor sun nor air
 Our toil and care
 Have e'er with kisses blest;
 We work alone;
 Our life's work done,
 We are content to rest.”

This teaches me,
 When you I see,
 That daily I should leave
 Some good work here,
 My friends to cheer
 When o'er my loss they grieve.

C. M. N.



SONG OF THE SHELL.

List to me, little maiden,
 While I sing this song of the shell.
 Close at your ear it will murmur
 This wonderful story I tell.

Its silvery azure and crimson,
 It showeth to you and to me,
 It caught in the distant purple
 Of the twilight under the sea.

Far down on the mossy sea-beds,
 It was a beautiful home,
 But now is an empty casket,
 Its owner and master is gone.

‘ Where is the little wanderer,
 Who left his door open so wide ?
 If I throw the shell back in the ocean,
 Will he come with the incoming tide,

“ And again find his home ? ” O you darling,
 What is gone can never return ;
 The shell has no need of the owner,
 The wanderer no need of a home.

Make thy home-life beauteous ever,
 It whispers to you and to me ;
 I gathered my silvery purple
 From the twilight under the sea.

M. C. W.

THE DAISY CHAIN.

Now upon the shining meadows
 Spring hath sprinkled her own snow
 Daisies white,
 All silver bright,
 With little eyes of golden glow.



Little golden eyes unfolding
To the dazzling one above
In blue expanse,
With baby glance
Of innocence and trusting love.

Little children, glad and merry,
Toddle, romp, and race along,
Hand in hand
To daisy-land,
With trills of laughter and of song.

Silver treasure, without measure,
Shines upon the starry field,
 Every elf
 Gathers pelf,
Which all the ground in plenty yields.

Now they weave a chain of daisies;
Link by link it longer grows;
 But a hand
 Breaks through the band,
And around the treasure flows.

Life is such a chain of daisies:
Each on the other must depend:
 One rude break
 A breach will make
That tears and wishes ne'er can mend.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

On the field of battle, 'neath the starlight sky,
Weary little Charlie laid him down to die.

Many deeds of valor, worthy vet'rans gray,
'Mid the dreadful carnage he had done that day.



Wounded now and helpless, on that rugged
plain
Sank the little drummer, ne'er to rise again.

Happy little Charley ! Not a sign of fear
Marked his youthful features as his end drew
near.

Death had found him waiting with his armor
on ;
Soon the strife was ended and the victory
won.

Through each weary conflict Christ was ever
nigh,
Happy little drummer, fit to live or die.



THE AFTERNOON NAP.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away ;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face ;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place ;
And the tear stole down from his half-shut
eye.
“Do n’t smoke !” said the child, “how it makes
you cry !”

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor
Where the shade, after noon, used to
steal ;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning-wheel ;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed ;
His head bent down on her soft hair lay,
Fast asleep were they both that summer
day.

"HE THAT RULETH HIS SPIRIT."

A LITTLE child I chanced to meet
Once, in a cottage bred,
Taught by his mother to repeat
What Solomon had said,
That he who ruleth well his heart,
And keeps his temper down,
Is greater—acts a wiser part—
Than he who takes a town.

Dear child—he felt his selfish will,
His pride and anger rise,
But conscience whispered, "Peace! be still!
Subdue them and be wise."
"I will," replied the little one;
"O Lord, my helper be,
And let thy holy will be done
From day to day in me."

From day to day, from year to year,
He kept the watchful strife,
Till passion seemed to disappear
From that young Christian's life.
In love he passed his pleasant days,
And, dying, won a crown—
The crown of life! oh, better praise
Than his who takes a town.

HELEN KNITTING.

LITTLE Helen, on her chair—

Patiently at work was she,
And in ringlets fell her hair,

Lovely did she seem to me :

She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting,

Busy little girl ! thought I,

How I love to see your skill !

I am half inclined to try—

And I most believe I will !

She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

In a whirl the fingers fly,

First one needle, then the next :

She might with her mother vie,

But for me I am perplexed :

She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Then a zigzag, cross this way,

Then a curious whirl again :

How she makes the fingers play !

It's no business for the men.

She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.



Now the curious seam is made:
How to do it I can't tell;
But the skill she has displayed,
Makes me think she does it well;
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Now the toe is closed and done—
What a pretty sock is this!
It is knitting number one!
Go and get your mother's kiss.
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I;
How I love to see your skill!
And the pleasure in her eye
Made my heart with pleasure fill:
Helen sitting
At her knitting.

LEGEND IN ALSACE.

KNOW'ST thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in his garden
While the sun shines high:
In that garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes round, delighted
With the lovely sight.
If he marks one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and gaze upon it,
Full of tender care;
And the beauteous rose he gathers
In his bosom lies—
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one dies.

L. S. COSTELLO.



T. and J. C. C.

THE OLD TREE.

“OLD tree, how low you seem to stoop,
How much your trunk is bent;
Why don’t you make a rise, and grow
Up straight, as you were meant?”

And then the young boy thought he heard
The old tree sigh, “Too late!
When I was young it was the time
To come and bend me straight.

‘They should have bound me to a prop,
And made me straight and fast:
A child like you could bend me then,
But now my time is past.

“Do n’t think you may be bad in youth,
And one day change your plan;
Just what you grow up from a child,
You will be as a man.” CHILDREN’S FRIEND.



FATHER’S COMING.

Now, children, clear this litter,
And set all neat and straight;
Father will soon be coming,
Already he is late.

Dear father will be weary,
And tired to-night, I fear,
And sadly will be needing
Both rest and quiet here.

For us he thinks and watches
Whenever he’s away;
For us, with patient labor,
He toils from day to day.

And home should look its brightest
When he comes back at night.
There, now I hear his footsteps—
I know you'll do what's right.

— • —
“WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.”

A LITTLE child dwelt by the flowing sea,
And her home was the home of poverty.
She ran with bare feet o'er the golden sands,
And gathered shells with her small brown
hands.

Gay strangers came in rich robes dight,
But the little maiden shunned their sight;
And shaking her curls o'er her blushing face,
Sped away like a fawn that flies the chase.

When the strangers were gone, said the
mother mild,

“What was it dismayed thee, my darling
child?”

“O mother, my feet were bare and brown,
I had no bonnet, and then—this gown!”

She held up the skirt of her faded frock,
Sadly rent by the jagged rock,
And she said with a deep and long-drawn sigh,
“Will I have such dresses as they by-and-by?”

Her mother smiled with a grave, sweet grace,
As she smoothed the curls from the half-grieved face,

And said, "When our ship comes in from sea,
You shall have garments and all things free."

"When our ship comes in!" said the little one,
And away to the highest rock she run,
And watched till night-shadows dimmed the shore,

For the freighted ship and its treasured store.

Long and often she watched in vain,
No ship for her sailed over the main.
How many watchers in life there be
For the ship that never comes over the sea.

C. F. ORNE.

"MY MOTHER'S DEAD."

I'm very, very lonely;
Alas! I cannot play;
I am so sad, I sit and weep
Throughout the livelong day.

I miss dear mother's welcome,
• Her light hand on my head,
Her look of love, her tender word:
Alas! my mother's dead!

I have no heart to play alone;
To-day I thought I'd try,
And got my little hoop to roll,
But ah! it made me cry;
For who will smile to see me come,
Now mother dear has gone,
And look so kindly in my face,
And kiss her little son?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
And sit me down and read;
My mother said that precious book
Would prove a friend in need.
I seem to see dear mother now,
To hear her voice of love;
She may be looking down on me
From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—
She cannot come to me:
Our Father, teach a little one
How he may come to thee,
For I am very lonely now:
Our Father, may I come
And join my mother in the skies?
Then heaven shall be our home.

THE CHERRY-TREE.

To Spring the good God spake and said,
"Go, for the worm a table spread!"
And soon the cherry-tree is seen
Covered with leaflets fresh and green.

Within his shell the worm awakes,
And quick his winter house forsakes,
Stretches himself, and yawns, and tries
To open wide his sleepy eyes.

And thereupon, without a pause,
Upon the nearest leaf he gnaws,
And says, "'T is hard to get away,
So tender are the leaves to-day!"

And yet again the good God said,
"Now for the bees a table spread!"
At once the cherry-tree is dight
With myriad blossoms, pure and white.

A little bee the banquet spies,
At early morn, and thither flies,
Thinking, "I now my thirst can slake,
And here my fragrant coffee take

Out of these cups so clean and nice!"
Then puts his tongue in, in a trice,

And sips, and says, "How very sweet!
Plenty of sugar here, I wit."

To Summer next the good God said,
"Go, for the birds a table spread!"
And now the cherry-tree doth glow
With ruddy fruit, a tempting show.

A sparrow lights upon a bough,
And says, "I'll eat my fill here now;
'T will make me vigorous of wing,
And give me strength of voice to sing."

Then to Autumn God did say,
"They've had enough, clear all away!"
And chilling winds the branches tossed,
And fell the sharp and bitter frost.

The leaves were changed to gold and red,
Then fluttered downward, withered, dead;
Till stript of all its foliage fair,
The cherry-tree stood lone and bare.

To winter, then, the good God said,
"O'er what is left a covering spread!"
Softly and fast the snowflakes fall,
And quiet settles over all. w. w. CALDWELL.

SISTER MARY AND BROTHER JOHN.

THEY had one seat in a mossy nook,
They learned their lesson from one old book,
And played together by lane and brook.

At home or abroad, in house or lawn,
When holidays reigned or school came on,
'T was sister Mary and brother John.

They feared not the sun that made them
brown,

They cared not for winter's frosty frown,
Nor minded how fast the rain came down.

Parting was all their fear and dread ;
Father and mother both were dead,
And left them little, the neighbors said.

But Mary and John had laid a scheme
For future days, when their fortune came,
And they were playing "the grown-up game."

They would have a cottage of their own,
With roses and woodbine overgrown,
And the largest fig-tree ever known.

There they would live their whole lives thro',
And watch how the figs and roses grew.
I wonder if it all came true !

For far from our village they have gone,
And none can tell us how things go on
With "sister Mary and brother John."



MY NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

I AM going to give my orange
To little Rosie Bell,
For she is very sick and poor,
And it may make her well.

I have so many good things,
But she so very few;
Her toys are old and broken,
But mine are nice and new.

So on this New Year's morning,
When we are all so glad,
I'll go and try to cheer
Poor Rosie, who is sad.

One of my pretty dollies
Shall go to her as well;
What pleasure that will give her
Poor little Rosie Bell.

I know the Bible tells me
To be to others kind;
So the loving words of Jesus
I'll ever keep in mind.

THE DEW.

“MAMMA,” said little Isabel,
While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep;
For every morning, when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie

Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each floweret's eye.

“ I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad ;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad.
Perhaps 't is when the sun goes down
They fear the gath'ring shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.

“ Mamma, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers
About God's watchful love and care
Through the dark midnight hours,
I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep;
And then perhaps they'd bow their heads,
And gently go to sleep.”

“ What seems like tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down
Each morn and evening new.
The glittering drops of pearly dew
Are, to the grass and flowers,

What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.
Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love has made ;
O'er all his watchfulness and care
Are day and night displayed."

THE BIRTHDAYS.

WE had seven birthdays in the year,
We kept them all with merry cheer :
For father, mother, and sisters three,
For brother Alfred, and for me.

Some came round with the winter's snows,
Some with midsummer and the rose,
Some at the time when brown leaves fall,
But there were games and gifts for all.

'Tis long ago, and the churchyard yew
Bends o'er father and mother too ;
Brothers and sisters all have grown
To troubles and houses of their own.

The years are busy, the world is wide,
We have scattered far from the old fireside ;
Some mind the ledger, some mind the plough,
But where are the seven birthdays now ?



THE OLD MAN.

I SEE an old man sitting
there;

His withered limbs are almost bare,
And very hoary is his hair.

“Old man, why are you sitting so?
For very cold the wind doth blow;
Why don’t you to your cottage go?”

“ Ah, children, in the world so wide
I have no home wherein to hide,
No comfortable chimney-side.

“ When I, like you, was young and gay,
I’ll tell you what I used to say:
That I would nothing do but play.

“ And so, instead of being taught
To do good service, as I ought,
To play about was all I sought.

“ And now that I am old and gray,
I wander, sighing, on my way,
Begging my bread from day to day.”

THREAD, PINS, AND NEEDLES.

“ THREAD’s made, my dear, of flax that grows,
And cotton planted all in rows;
When pulled and carded soft and fine,
’Tis spun with wheel and band or line.

“ The little threads then, one, two, three,
Are twisted strong as they may be,
Then neatly wound in skein or ball,
Ready for sale when ladies call.”

"And now, mamma, I wish to know
Whether the pins and needles grow."

"Oh no, my dear, they need the aid
Of many men before they 're made.

"Some cut off little bits of wire,
Some hold them o'er a burning fire,
Some grind the points, some make the heads,
Some lay them in their paper-beds.

"Then watchful be of little things,
And never waste thread, needles, pins ;
There 's nothing made so very small
'T is not of any use at all."

POOR OLD PAUL.

Poor old Paul! he has lost his foot,
And see how he hobbles along,
With the stump laced up in that clumsy boot,
Before the gathering throng.
And now as he has to pass so many,
And suffer the gaze of all,
If each would only bestow a penny,
'T were something for poor old Paul.

His cheek is pale and his coat is thin,
 His eye is sunken and dim,
He looks as if the winter had been
 Making sad work with him.
While he is trying to hide the tatter,
 Mark how his looks will fall ;
Nobody need to ask the matter
 With poor, old, hungry Paul.

All he has got in his wornout sack
 Is morsels of bread and meat,
The refuse, to burden his bending back,
 Which others refuse to eat.
And now I am sure you will all be willing
 To part with a sum so small,
As each will spare who gives up a shilling
 To comfort him—poor old Paul !

LITTLE children, love each other ;
 Kind and good and gentle be :
Brother should be kind to brother,
 Sisters should in love agree.
Quarrel not, but love each other,
 And be ready to forgive ;
Let each sister and each brother
 Seek in love and peace to live.

Little children, love each other ;
Show true love to great and small ;
Love your father and your mother,
And love God the most of all.
God is love ; and he has told you,
If you try to live in love,
Then will he with love behold you,
And will bless you from above.

COME.

COME to Jesus, little one ;
Come to Jesus now ;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.
At his feet confess your sins,
Seek forgiveness there,
For his blood can make you clean,
He will hear your prayer.
Seek his face without delay ;
Give him now your heart ;
Tarry not—but, while you may,
Choose the better part.
Come to Jesus, little one !
Come to Jesus now ;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.

THE BIBLE SAYS I MAY.

I AM a little soldier,
 And only five years old,
I mean to win for Jesus,
 A radiant crown of gold.
I know he makes me happy,
 And loves me all the day ;
I'll be his little soldier—
 The Bible says I may.

I love my precious Saviour,
 Because he died for me,
And if I did not serve him,
 How sinful I should be.
He gives me every comfort,
 And hears me when I pray ;
I want to live for Jesus—
 The Bible says I may.

I now can do but little ;
 Yet when I grow a man,
I'll try to do for Jesus
 The greatest good I can.
God help and keep me faithful
 In all I do and say ;
I want to live a Christian—
 The Bible says I may.



THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here :
Though this world is pleasant, sin is always
near.

But a little pilgrim must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes, and with Christ
be seen.

Jesus, cleanse and save me, teach me to
obey;

Holy Spirit, guide me on my heavenly way.

I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
But my home in heaven cometh ever near.

LITTLE LIGHTS.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for him ;
Well he sees and knows it
If our light is dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around ;
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found :
There 's sin, there 's want and sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

THINGS TO LOVE.

I LOVE my Bible ; for it tells
Of Jesus' dying love,
And points the way, from earth and hell,
To heaven, our home above.

I love the Sabbath ; for we spend
That day in prayer and praise :
Blest Jesus, help us still to love
And keep this best of days.

I love my Saviour best of all,
For his great love to me.
Lord, may I ever do thy will :
So prove my love to thee.

THINK.

WHEN the stars at set of sun
 Watch you from on high,
When the morning is begun,
 Think the Lord is nigh.

All you do and all you say
 He can see and hear ;
When you work and when you play,
 Think the Lord is near.

All your joys and griefs he knows,
 Counts each falling tear ;
When to him you tell your woes,
 Think the Lord will hear.

Then from evil thoughts we shrink :
 Foolish they appear,
And so hateful, when we think
 That the Lord is near.

What we do as in his sight,
 We can do with ease ;
Every task becomes more light
 When we think he sees.



FINISH.

WHAT you begin, my little friend,
 Finish, finish.
Ne'er stop until you've reached the end;
 Finish, finish.
Be it a lesson hard to get,
Do n't take the time to scold and fret,
Nor think of aught besides, while yet
 It's unfinished.

Be it a toy you 've tried to make,
 Finish, finish.

Let old, dull jack-knives bend and break,
 Finish, finish.

And ere to Sunday-school you go,
Your thoughts upon your lesson throw,
Nor cease your efforts till you know
 That it 's finished.

Whatever good you wish to do,
 Finish, finish.

Do n't leave it when you're half way through;
 Finish, finish.

And when at last you come to die,
And all life's work must be laid by,
Oh, like the Saviour, may you cry,
 "It is finished!"

CHRIST'S LITTLE ONE.

AND it is true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
 Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
 The helpless little one?

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none ;
May now be folded in his breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be his little one.

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung ;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

Others there are who love me too ;
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done ?
Then since he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him, and say,
“ Lord, keep thy little one.”

Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the little one.

LOVING JESUS.

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear,

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

GLORY TO GOD.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

Glory to the Son we bring—
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

Glory to the Holy Ghost—
Be this day a Pentecost ;
Children's minds may he inspire—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity !
For the gospel from above,
For the word that “ God is love.”

—————
FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

OH that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work and read and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well;

For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold,
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

— • —

FOR LITTLE BOYS TO LEARN.

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

What danger are we always in,
How many are our foes!
How many ways there are to sin,
And evils to oppose.

Oh, may I ever watch and pray,
And strive to be sincere,
To take my cross up day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear.



PRAYER FOR INFANT SCHOLARS.

DEAR Jesus, we've come here to learn about thee,

And we ask for thy Spirit our teacher to be ;
Thou canst see where we are, thou canst hear
what we say ;

Oh, help us to learn, and teach us to pray.

We have not come together for talk or for
play ;

Oh no, but to hear what our teacher shall
say ;

To learn, our dear Saviour, of thee and thy
love,

And the home thou hast made for thy chil-
dren above ;

To learn to be like thee, so gentle and mild,
So that each of us all may be thy little child.
Dear Jesus, we ask thee, be with us to-day,
And all through the week, at our lessons or
play.

— — —
A SHORT SERMON.

CHILDREN who read my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day
 Do what is right—
Right things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 You shall have light.

This further I would say:
Be you tempted though you may,
Each day and every day
 Speak what is true—
True things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not from thistles grow ;

And though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet,
On the limbs of thorns were set ;
So, if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speak what is just and true ;
Doing what's right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day ;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.



BEFORE we eat and go our way,
O God, help us our prayers to say :
Take care of those we love so dear,
And help them well through many a year.
Our teachers and our playmates too,
And may their cares be light and few;
And may we be to all a joy—
A dear good girl, a dear good boy ;
And when we die, oh, wilt thou take
Our souls to heaven, for Jesus' sake ?

A CHILD'S PETITION.

My Father, hear a little child
Who tries to pray to thee,
And may thine eye, so kind and mild,
Look down from heaven on me.

I have a very naughty heart,
That will not be at rest,
And little hands that do their part
In making me unblest.

Wilt thou not take away my sin,
And make me pure and good?
Cannot a little child be clean
If washed in Jesus' blood?

May I be like a little flower
That opens in the sun,
So sweetly humble every hour
Till its short day is done.

And if I may not live to see
The close of this short year,
Wilt thou be pleased to gather me
Where all good children are?



A PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to thee.

When the sad, sad story
 Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
 For my sins indeed.
Now I know thou livest,
 And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
 In my prayers to thee.
Soon I hope in glory
 At thy side to stand;
Fit me, Lord, to meet thee
 In that happy land.

MORNING PRAYER.

O God, I see the morning light,
For thou hast kept me through the night.
I thank thee for thy love and care,
And beg thee hear my morning prayer.
Keep me, O God, again to-day,
And take my naughty heart away;
Oh, make me gentle, good, and mild—
Just like the Saviour when a child.
And when to-night I fall asleep,
Oh, be thou near, the watch to keep;
So let my life all pass away,
With God my keeper night and day.



TWO LITTLE GRAVES.

SIDE by side they're sweetly sleeping,
Little loved ones, early blest,
Free from care and pain and sorrow;
Oh, rejoice they are at rest.
Side by side in heaven's bright regions
Two sweet angels sing and soar,
Welcomed by the host of heaven,
There to dwell for evermore.

Side by side these little loved ones
Hover round you night and day,
List your weeping and your sighing,
And methinks these words they say :
“ Did you know how blest and happy
Angels are, ye would not mourn
That to join that band in heaven
Your belovéd ones are gone.”

Side by side, in garments spotless,
Angels twain, how blest are we !
Kindly Jesus Christ did call us :
“ Little children, come to me !”
Soon the Lord will call you heavenward ;
Side by side we then will come,
Stand to greet you at the portals
Of our everlasting home. C. E. R. PARKER.

JESUS, Saviour, pity me ;
Hear me when I cry to thee.
I've a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part.

I can never make it good ;
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood ?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me ;
Hear me when I pray to thee.

When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still,
And I soon do something bad;
Then my heart is very sad.

Now I come to thee for aid,
All my hope on thee is stayed;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will give myself to thee.

A PRAYER FOR LITTLE ONES.

ERE on my bed myself I lay,
God help me now my prayer to say.
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year;
And oh, take care of father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And help me my best thoughts employ,
To be my parents' hope and joy.
Oh, likewise keep my brothers, both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother.
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A loving and a grateful heart,
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day!

Two little babes on earth,
Foster and Allie ;
Two little babes in death,
Treading the valley ;
Two little babes in heaven,
Singing for ever,
Harps in their cherub hands
Striking together.

Two little robes they wear,
Washed in the fountain
Jesus hath opened here
On Judah's mountain ;
Two little crowns they cast
Ever before him ;
Two little infant tongues
Lisp to adore him.

There from the "tree of life"
Gently he feeds them,
And in the "pastures green"
Tenderly leads them ;
Lambs in his bosom dear,
Loving to hold them,
See the Good Shepherd's arms
Sweetly enfold them.

Peace to our little ones,
Where they lie sleeping;
Hope in their rising gives
Joy 'mid our weeping;
Only their bodies dear
Rest in the valley,
Soon they shall live again,
Foster and Allie.

MRS. CLEAVLAND.

DEATH.

WHEN the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
“Death, be merciful, and pass;
Leave the other!” but alas,
While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till our home was desolate.

Friends say, “It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;”
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That our loss is but their gain.
Ah! we parents think of this;
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose red lips,
And the print of finger-tips

Left upon the broken toy,
That remind us how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty winsome ways.
Only time can give relief
To our weary, lonesome grief :
Through God's ministry of pain
Then we 'll sing of loss and gain.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When lo ! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep ;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep.

" Master, we perish ! Master, save ! "
They cried ; their Master heard ;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace! be still!"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey his will,
And all are hushed to peace.

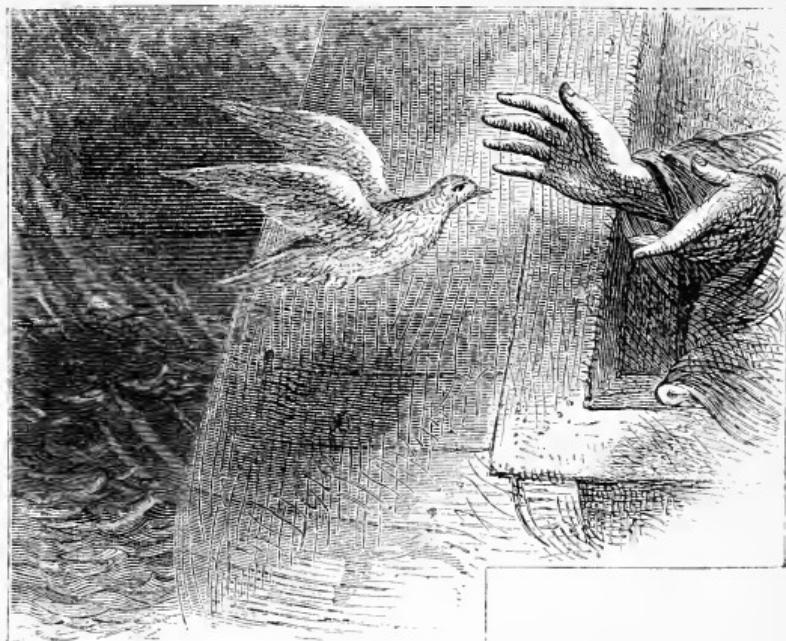
Oh! well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend,
Whose care of those who trust his word
Will never, never end.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

GENTLE Child of Nazareth!
Let His life, so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render
To our father and our mother,
And be kind to one another.

Wondrous Boy of Nazareth!
Let his early love for learning
Set our youthful spirit yearning
Daily to be growing wiser,
Thou our Teacher and Adviser.

Holy One of Nazareth!
Help us use the powers lent us
Do the work of him who sent us,
Draw to thee in closer union,
Share thy people's sweet communion.



NOAH'S DOVE.

DEAR little dove, when I think of you
I wish I may flee for safety too :
A storm is coming when Jesus will be,
To those who love him, like the ark to thee.

Dear little dove, you did not know
Who 't was that kept and sheltered you so ;
But I can read of the Son of God,
Who to save my soul has shed his blood.

Dear little dove, you trusted in One
Who kept you safe till the storm was done ;
May I believe and be sheltered too !
There 's an Ark for me as well as for you.

TELL JESUS.

LITTLE ones are often sorry
For the naughty things they do ;
Troubles reach us all, and worry
Little hearts and big ones, too ;
Then tell Jesus :
That's the best thing we can do.

Jesus knows when we are tempted ;
Jesus sees us when we fall ;
Jesus died, and we 're exempted,
He was sorry for us all ;
He 'll forgive us,
If upon his name we call.

Let us tell him all our trouble,
Tell him we are sorry, too ;
He will do us kindness double,
Help us to be good and true,
And forgive us,
Yes, oh yes ! and love us too.

Then tell Jesus ; we 'll tell Jesus
All our want and all our woe ;
None but Jesus can relieve us,
None but Jesus loves us so ;
And to Jesus
Every one is free to go.

GUARD YOURSELF.

GUARD your tongue from slander,
From the truth ne'er wander,
Draw a bar across the door,
Let bad words be heard no more.

Guard your eye from error,
Look at sin with terror,
Poison oft may look like food ;
Shun the bad, and keep the good.

Guard your ear from list'ning
To the telltale's whispering ;
Wicked words pollute the mind,
Ne'er an entrance let them find.

Learn your thoughts to bridle,
Let not one be idle ;
Ear and tongue and eye may be
Far too wild and far too free.



JESUS on a young ass seated,
Comes into Jerusalem ;
See, by thousands he is greeted,
Boughs are plucked and strewed for him.

Hark ! Jerusalem is ringing
With loud shouts from many tongues ;
Hark ! the children too are singing—
Jesus loves those infant songs.

“ While they sing, my heart rejoices,”
The dear Saviour sweetly said ;
“ For when babes lift up their voices,
Then my praise is perfected.”

If my Saviour’s thus delighted
With the songs of babes like me,
Then to sing I am invited,
And I will not silent be.

THE CHILD JESUS.

’MID the green fields of Palestine,
Its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan’s stream,
And o’er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest Child
That ever blessed the earth ;
The happiest, the holiest
That e’er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was !
Harmless and undefiled ;
Oh ! dear to his young mother’s heart
Was this pure sinless Child !

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove ;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

Oh ! is it not a blessed thought,
Children of human birth,
That once the Saviour was a child,
And lived upon the earth ?

— • —
HOME.

My native home, my happy home !
O'er land and sea let others roam ;
I bless my God who placed my birth
On this most favored spot of earth.

Here, here it is, her poorest son
Is free as king upon his throne ;
And ever is the poor boy's cause
Well marked, and guarded by her laws.

And if industrious, I may know
Home comforts and the fireside glow ;
The freeman's house ! his castle home !
Where kings unbidden dare not come.

I love her on her glorious height,
The Bible-land, the land of light!
Sounding the message far and wide
That Jesus Christ for sinners died.

LITTLE DEEDS.

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below,
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe,
And tell a friend is near ;
A word of ready sympathy
To dry the childish tear ;

A glass of water timely brought ;
An offered easy-chair ;
A turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air ;

An early flower unasked bestowed ;
A light and cautious tread ;
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head :

Oh! deeds like these, though little things,
 Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
 Reveals the hidden rose.

Our heavenly Father loves to see
 These precious fruits of love ;
And if we love and trust him here,
 We 'll dwell with him above.



A LITTLE.

A LITTLE—'t is a little word,
 But much may in it dwell ;
Then let the warning truth be heard,
 And learn the lesson well.

The way of ruin thus begins,
 Down, down, like easy stairs ;
If conscience suffers little sins,
 Soon larger ones it bears.

A little theft, a small deceit,
 Too often leads to more ;
'T is hard at first, but tempts the feet
 As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that have been done
Have grown from little things.

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

SEE the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
“God is ever good.”

See the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed ;
Proving as they sparkle,
“God is ever good.”

In the leafy treetops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
“God is ever good.”

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
“God is ever good.”



PRAISE.

THE clouds are flying in the breeze,
The birds are singing on the trees,
All full of joy below, above,
Rejoicing in the God of love.

Sing, lips and hearts,
 Sing cheerful songs;
To that good God
 All praise belongs.

The birds know not their Maker's claim,
The winds they cannot breathe his name;
But we can name and we can love
The gracious God who dwells above.

Our grateful hearts

Are full of songs;

We know to whom

Glad praise belongs. C. B. HALE.



OH, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO?

Oh, what can little hands do

To please the King of heaven?

The little hands some work may try

To help the poor in misery:

Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little lips do

To please the King of heaven?

The little lips can praise and pray,

And gentle words of kindness say:

Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little eyes do

To please the King of heaven?

The little eyes can upward look,

Can learn to read God's holy book:

Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:
Such grace to mine be given!

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight:
Such grace to mine be given!

SING, CHILD, SING.

CHILDREN, all with cheerfulness
Let your songs be ringing;
Music all your lives will bless,
Therefore still be singing.

When good humor flies away,
Then come care and sadness;
Quickly sing a cheerful lay,
All will soon be gladness.

Music cheers the darkest hours,
Peace and comfort bringing;
What the dew is to the flowers,
To the soul is singing!

Sings the lark in yonder sky,
Sing the birds at even,
Swallows from the house-tops cry—
All give thanks to heaven.

Forest, field, and meadow too,
With their songs are ringing;
Wherefore, children, should not you
Evermore be singing?

TAKE not God's name in vain ;
Speak not that holy name
Not with a laughing lip,
Not in thy playful game ;
For the great God of all
Heareth each word we say ;
He will remember it
In the great judgment day.

Honor God's holy name,
Speak it with thought and care ;
Sing it in holy hymns,
Breathe it in earnest prayer ;
But not with sudden cry,
In thy light joy or pain ;
God will hold guilty all
Who take his name in vain.



THE STRAY LAMB.

A LITTLE lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that sought his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lay,
He clasped his arms around it.

And closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He took it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear him ;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.



LITTLE HANDS.

LITTLE hands, little hands,
What are you doing?
Breaking God's dear commands,
Evil pursuing?

Do the sweet works of love
Only and ever ;
Angels and Christ above
Aid your endeavor.



THE COMMANDMENTS.

THIS is the first and great command :
Love thou thy God above ;
And this the second : As thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

Who is thy neighbor? he who wants
The help which thou canst give ;
And both the law and prophets say,
“ This do, and thou shalt live.”

REMEMBER THE SABBATH.

REMEMBER the Sabbath,
'Tis God's holy day;
Remember, the Sabbath
Is no time for play.

Remember, the Sabbath
Is hallowed by prayer;
Remember the Sabbath,
To God's house repair.

Remember the Sabbath,
God's holy word learn;
Remember the Sabbath,
And bless its return.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all you heart and mind;
And love your neighbor as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

FILIAL TRUST.

"T WAS when the sea, with awful roar,

A little bark assailed,

And pallid fear's distracting power

O'er each on board prevailed,

Save one, the captain's darling child,

Who steadfast viewed the storm,

And cheerful with composure smiled

At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus?" a seaman cried,

"Whilst terrors overwhelm?"

"Why yield to fear?" the boy replied;

"My Father's at the helm!"



THE LITTLE LAMB.

WHAT says the little lamb?

"I'm but a little lamb,

Soft and mild;

Yet in the meadows sweet

I ramble and I bleat;

And soon my wool will grow

To clothe you with, you know,

Darling child."

What says the little bird?
“I’m but a little bird,
With my song:
Come, hear me singing now
As I hop from bough to bough;
For I cheer the old and sad
With my voice, and I am glad
All day long.”

What says the little child?
“I’m but a little child,
Fond of play;
Yet in my heart, I know,
The grace of God will grow,
If I try to do his will,
And his law of love fulfil
And obey.”

GOD KNOWS EVERYTHING.

KNOWEST thou how many stars
There are shining in the sky;
Knowest thou how many clouds
Every day go floating by?
God the Lord has counted all;
He would miss one, should it fall.

Knowest thou how many flies
Play about in the warm sun,
Or of fishes in the water?

God has counted every one.
Every one he called by name
When into the world it came.

Knowest thou how many children
Go to little beds at night,
That without a care or trouble
Wake up with the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell;
Knows thee, too, and loves thee well.

CREATIVE LOVE.

“DEAR little squirrel! wont you tell
How you can pick a nut so well
Without a hammer to break the shell?”
The squirrel answered not at all,
But slipped into the old stone wall.

“Beautiful butterfly! I wish I knew
Who gave those silken wings to you,
And painted them with every hue.”
“T is useless to ask the gaudy things
How they came by their painted wings.

Now busy bee! I must ask you
How you make cells so neat and true,
And draw from flowers clear honey-dew?"
The busy bee buzzed no reply,
But with his load he hurried by.

There's much that we can never know
Of things above and things below,
Simply because God wills it so.
How angels live, there's none can say,
Now how bees homeward find their way.

We only know that God above,
Who formed the eagle and the dove,
Created all with wisest love;
And gave due wisdom unto each,
Better than all that man can teach.

JESUS' LAMB.

SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am.
He's my Shepherd kind and good;
He provides me daily food,
And his lambs by name doth call,
For he knows and loves them all.

Must I not rejoice at this?
He is mine and I am his ;
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in his arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven ;
Oh, what joy hath Jesus given !



CHRIST'S LAMBS.

I AM a very little child,
I'm very young and very wild,
 And sometimes naughty too ;
I'm led by many a foolish thought
To do the thing I never ought
 To think of, or to do.

But God, the holy God above,
Is very kind and full of love
 For little ones like me ;
And he will hear me if I pray,
And he will help me every day
 A better child to be.

Thou knowest, Lord, how weak I am ;
Oh, lead me like a little lamb,
 And I will follow thee.

Take all my naughtiness away,
And never let me go astray
Until thy face I see.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"LITTLE children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning?"

"Yes, we know the story well ;
Listen now, and hear us tell,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning.

"Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high
On the Christmas morning.

"'Joy and peace,' the angels sang ;
Far the pleasant echoes rang :
'Peace on earth, to men good will !'
Hark ! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

“ For a little babe that day,
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be ;
This the wondering angels see
On the Christmas morning.

“ Let us sing the angels’ song,
And the pleasant sound prolong :
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

“ ‘ Peace ’ our little hearts shall fill ;
‘ Peace on earth, to men good will ! ’
Hear us sing the angels’ song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On the Christmas morning.”

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAPPY voices fill the air,
Little feet are everywhere,
Up and down, and in and out,
Far and near we hear the shout,
“ Happy New Year ! ”



“Happy New Year!” that’s the strain,
We will catch the glad refrain,
And to friends at home, away,
Send the greetings of the day,
“Happy New Year!”

A happy new year! may it tend
To make our being’s aim and end
More full of toil and strong endeavor
In thy dear service, Lord, for ever.

“Happy New Year!”

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS.

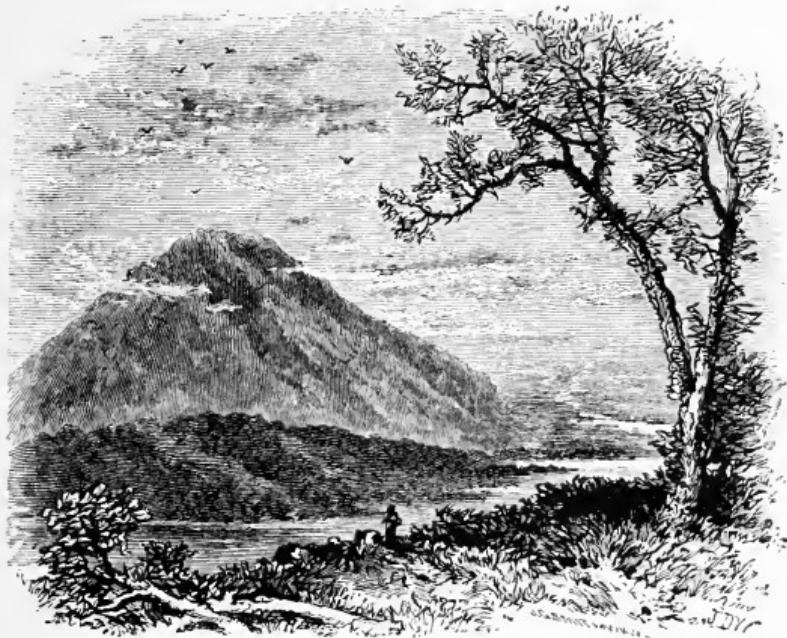
UNDERNEATH my window,
Where the snow lies white,
I can hear sweet voices
Singing in the night :
As the night wind varies,
So they rise and fall,
In this quaint old carol
Joining one and all :
“ In the East a gray light
Prophesies the morn ;
Up, and hail the daylight—
Christ the Lord is born ! ”

Simple words of wisdom,
“ Christ the Lord is born ! ”
Up, then, and be doing
On the Christmas morn !
Up, and raise the fallen !
Up, and aid the poor !
Keep for all your fellows
Open heart and door !
“ In the East a gray light
Prophesies the morn ;
Up, and hail the daylight—
Christ the Lord is born ! ”

“Up! if one have wronged thee,
Be the wrong forgiven!
Up! if any love thee,
Render thanks to Heaven!”
So my heart interprets
This old melody,
That beneath my window
Voices sing to me :
“In the East a gray light
Prophesies the morn ;
Up, and hail the daylight—
Christ the Lord is born !”

THE SAFE CHILD.

As on the mother’s breast,
Safe in her watchful keeping,
And softly hushed to rest,
The little babe is sleeping ;
Without a care, without a fear,
Without a thought of danger near ;
So on my Saviour’s grace,
In Jesus’ love confiding,
And till I see his face,
Firm in his truth abiding,
As safe, as happy I may be,
For Jesus watches over me.



THE LORD MADE THEM ALL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small ;
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

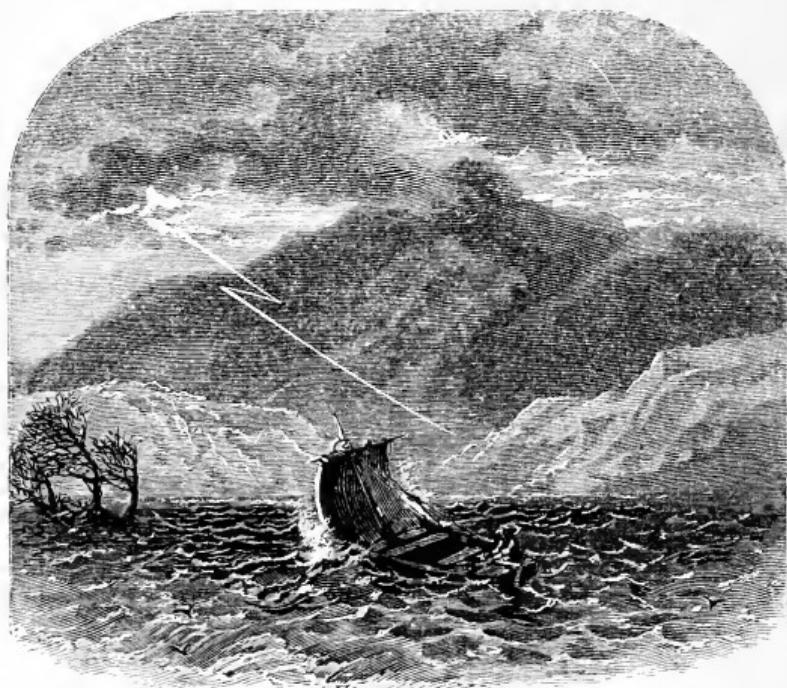
SINGING AWAY, LITTLE BIRDIE.

SINGING away, little birdie,
Singing high up in the tree ;
While snowflakes are falling around thee,
And the north wind is blowing free :
Singing away, little birdie,
Though the branches are leafless and
brown,
Rocking high up in the tree-top,
Thy sweet notes come cheerily down.

Singing away, little birdie,
There is hope and there's joy in thy song :
It says the cold winter is over,
And that summer is coming ere long.
Singing away, little birdie,
The bright days are coming to thee ;
When with mate and with feathery fledglings
Thou wilt find a soft nest in this tree.

Singing away, little birdie !
Our Father teach me to praise,
When clouds and thick darkness are round
me,
And sorrow o'ershadows my days.
The lesson I'm learning, sweet birdie,
As thou singest high up in the tree,
Of faith and of love for "Our Father,"
Who careth for thee and for me.

THE lightnings flash and the thunders roar
On the lonely Alpine water ;
The fisherman steers for the rocky shore
To his anxious wife and daughter ;
While they sit at home by their fire so warm,
He is battling hard with the raging storm.



"Dear mother, and where is my father now?
Do you see how the rain is pouring?
The storm comes down from the mountain's brow,
Oh, hark to the thunder roaring!"
"He is sailing, child, on the lonely lake,
But his heart is stout and he will not quake."

“O mother, then why do you look so pale?
Does not God love all good people?
In the wildest storm we need not quail
If the waves were as high as the steeple.”
“You are right, my child, and I will not weep,
But faith was weak and the lake is deep.”

“O mother, what sound was that that rung?
‘T is the horn of my father blowing!’”
And out they ran and joyfully sung,
Their arms around him throwing,
“Though the storm should howl and the lightning fall,
There’s a Father’s hand that guides them all.”

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of the house without the children!
Oh the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepers
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.



Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We shall hear it never more
On our child-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'T is the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine;
 Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
 Where the lambs have "gone before,"
 With the Shepherd evermore.

•

HAVE N'T you seen the sun on high,
Climbing through a cloudy sky,
Melt away the mists beside him,
And when clouds have tried to hide him,
 Sweep them from the sky?

And some folks below the sky
Keep bright sunshine in their eye;
And when trifling troubles meet them,
Let good humor fight and beat them—
 Sweep them from their eye.

But some folks who love to fret,
Never were contented yet;
All the world's to them a prison;
Every little cloud that's risen
 Keeps them on the fret.



Little troubles often rise,
Bring the dewdrops in your eyes;
But vexatious though you find them,
Sweep them from your eyes.

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